Together®

Fallout Shelters for Churches?

In Color **OLD EPWORTH RECTORY**

Why the Sniping at Preachers?

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families March 1962

NEW PRESIDENTS OF THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

PASTOR MARTIN NIEMOLLER
Evangelical (Lutheran) Church, Germany

THE MOST REV. ARTHUR M. RAMSEY
Archbishop of Canterbury, Church of England

CHARLES C. PARLIN
Methodist Layman, USA.

SIR FRANCIS IBIAM
Presbyterian Layman, Nigeria

ARCHBISHOP IAKOVOS
Greek Orthodox Church, North and South America

DR. DAVID G. MOSES
United Church of Northern India and Pakistan

For more pictures from New Delhi, turn the page

World Council Meets in *New Delhi*

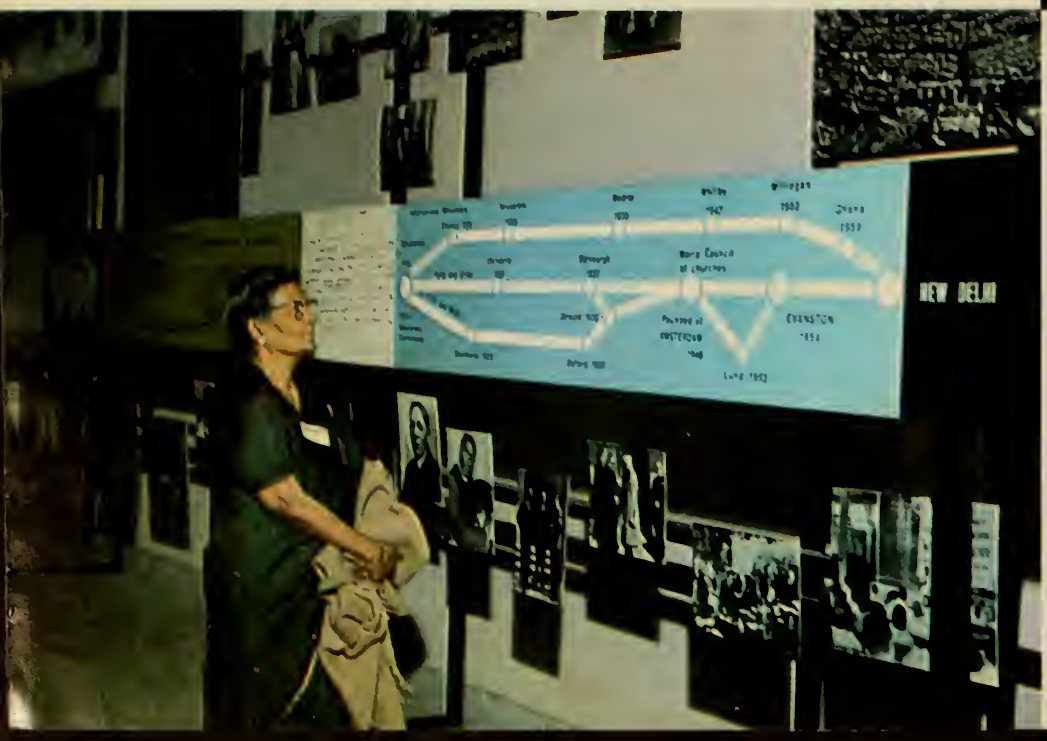
SELDOM IF EVER has Protestant Christianity had a better look at itself than in New Delhi, India, during 18 days last November and December. The 577 delegates to the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches represented 300 million Christians, 197 bodies, and 60 nations.

Meeting in an ancient Asian setting, now paradoxically the capital of the world's largest democracy, they were in complete accord on one thing—the assembly's theme, *Jesus Christ, the Light of the World*. Among the delegates were representatives of the newly admitted Russian Orthodox Church, with an estimated 50 million adherents; 44 from The Methodist Church (25 of these from the U.S.), and 34 from 14 other Methodist bodies.

Facing a crisis as great as any in its history, Christianity looked very much alive at New Delhi. All signs were that its many diverse groups were moving inexorably toward unity in the fight for worldwide justice, peace, and freedom, and that its destiny may be shaped not in the West, as in the past, but in Africa and Asia.

[For more on the New Delhi assembly, see page 25.]

Charting the past: The World Council's road to New Delhi began with its First Assembly in Amsterdam in 1948.



In New Testament Greek, Oikoumen
(ek'-you-meen) means 'world', 'huma

p Lesslie Newbigin (left), Church of South India, marched with W. A. Visser 't Hooft, the council's general secretary.

India's vice-president attended a tea given by Shot K. Mondol, Methodist bishop of the Delhi area.

Bishops Corson (left) and Lord (right) were among the assembly's 44 Methodist delegates.

THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM, Lent is a time for facing spiritual realities. The cross, painted by a young Nashville artist, is presented here as a vibrant reminder of the great sacrifice and of the resurrection—a symbol of Christian dedication. May we have a worshipful Lent. Entire families might be uplifted this holy season if they knew that *someone* sensed their spiritual needs. This Lent, why not extend *your* ministry to neighbors and family by giving gift subscriptions to Methodism's own inspirational TOGETHER? A gift card appears in this issue.

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

WE TAKE PAINS around here to ensure the accuracy of every article and feature that appears in the magazine, but sometimes that takes pains galore and a lot of doing. Whenever possible, we do not merely seek out an authority, we go to *the* authority. So we were pleased, naturally, to be called upon the other day—right out of a blue sky, so to speak—by an amiable, rather scholarly gentleman who said he was several thousand miles away from home and would enjoy being shown around TOGETHER's editorial offices. It seemed more than a coincidence, if somewhat less than a miracle, that the **Rev. Le Cato Edwards** of Epworth, England, should turn up on the day we were checking final proofs on *Old Epworth Rectory,* this month's eight-page color pictorial.

Mr. Edwards is both warden and resident of the now-restored rectory where the Wesleys lived more than two centuries ago, and he knows the story if anyone does. Mr. Edwards' stamp of approval on this feature, however, was not entirely unexpected—our editorial director had visited the site last summer while returning from the World Methodist Conference at Oslo, Norway. It seems fairly safe, therefore, to sit back with smug confidence while our final fact checkers—you readers—give the feature a going-over. We *should* know better!

With Mr. Edwards that day was a friend, the **Rev. Paul L. Higgins**, pastor of Richards Street Methodist Church, Joliet, Ill. It so happens that Mr. Higgins is one of the founders (in 1956) of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, an organization of ministers and laymen aimed at "encouraging within the churches the study of psychic phenomena as related to personal immortality, spiritual healing, and prayer." It did not occur to us, at the time, to ask Mr. Higgins if he might not be more than casually interested in the very latest report on the activities, if any, of Old Jeffrey, the rectory ghost whose shenanigans disturbed the household when Methodism's founder was a boy. **John Wesley**—the most reasonable of men—was a firm believer in Old Jeffrey's ghosthood after witnessing the unexplainable but well-documented goings-on in the rectory.

Our cover: Methodism can be proud to number one of its own among these six Christian leaders who will serve as presidents of the World Council of Churches during the next six years. He is **Charles C. Parlin,** one of two laymen in the group, who not only was a contributor to TOGETHER [see *What's Ahead for Religion in Russia?* March, 1959, page 22] but was a subject of the *People Called Methodist* series back in September, 1959 [page 27]. Another distinguished Methodist, **Bishop F. Gerald Ensley,** airmailed a report on the World Council's New Delhi assembly. Be sure to see it on page 25.

—YOUR EDITORS

Together MARCH, 1962

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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Lifetime Hospitalization Plan

Pays $100.00 Weekly From First Day

NO WAITING PERIOD! NO AGE LIMIT! NO SALESMAN WILL CALL!

Here's good news for those of you who do not drink. Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and most modern type of hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered to non-drinkers ONLY! Think of it! $100.00 weekly from the first day and for as long as you remain in the hospital!

This money is paid to you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital or doctor bills—anything you wish—and your policy can never be cancelled simply because you get old, or have too many claims.

Every day, over 64,000 people enter our hospitals—47,000 of these for the first time. No one knows whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do know that a fall on the sidewalk or stairs in your home, or some sudden illness could put you in the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost many hundreds or even thousands of dollars.

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are, in reality, helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. This is an unfair penalty.

LOW RATES FOR NON-DRINKERS

Since we limit our membership to non-drinkers only, you save up to 40% on comparable hospitalization. Any individual who does not drink, regardless of age, can apply for this new type of low-cost protection. Even if you are covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage and pay in addition to your present policy. Because it costs only pennies a day to have this wonderful protection against sickness and accidents, many of our members have insured their parents as well as themselves. There is no limit to the number of times you can collect. Full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued. We invite you to compare these low rates and unusual benefits with any other similar hospitalization insurance. We know you will find that Gold Star offers the finest coverage for less money.

COMPARE THESE LOW RATES

This wonderful, generous protection costs only $4 a month for each adult, age 19 through 64, or $40 for twelve full months. For each child under 19, the rate is $3 per month, or $30 for 12 months.

And remember, with Gold Star, the NO-LIMIT hospital plan, there is NO LIMIT on how long you can stay in the hospital, NO LIMIT on the number of times you can collect (the company can never cancel your policy), and NO LIMIT on age!

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WHY THIS GOLD STAR PLAN WAS FORMED

The Gold Star Total Abstainers' Policy was originated by De Moss Associates, who felt that folks who do not drink ought to be entitled to special protection at a special rate. This is the very first hospitalization policy ever designed for and sold only to total abstainers. This plan is underwritten by some of America's foremost companies and now has satisfied policyholders in all 50 states, in Canada and in many foreign countries.

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DR. E. STANLEY JONES, internationally renowned evangelist, missionary leader and author: "It is a pleasure for me to recommend the De Moss Gold Star Hospitalization Plan for Total Abstainers. An insurance plan such as this which provides special consideration and service to those who do not impair their health by drink is a move in the right direction and long overdue."

DR. ROY L. SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of *Christian Advocate:* "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benefits of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

DR. CARADINE R. HOOTON, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church: "The non-drinker being a better insurance risk should be entitled to a lower premium rate on his policy. I want to congratulate you on bringing this low-cost Gold Star Insurance Plan to total abstainers."

Money-Back Guarantee

We'll *mail* your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have it checked by your lawyer, your doctor, your friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides *exactly* what we've told you it does. Then, if for any reason whatsoever you are not fully satisfied, just mail your policy back within ten days, and we'll cheerfully refund your entire premium by return mail, with no questions asked. So, you see, you have *everything* to gain and nothing to lose!

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- ★ No age limit.
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- ★ There is no limit to the number of times you can collect. You pay only for protection!
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- ★ No policy fees, enrollment fees, nor membership dues!
- ★ Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
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- ★ Claim checks sent air mail special delivery.
- ★ Every kind of sickness and accident covered, except of course, hospitalization caused by use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics, pre-existing conditions, any act of war, or pregnancy. Everything else IS covered!

Additional Gold Star Benefits

PAYS $2000.00 cash for accidental death.

PAYS $2000.00 cash for loss of one hand, or one foot or sight of one eye.

PAYS $6000.00 cash for loss of both hands, or both feet, or sight of both eyes.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Fill out application at right.
2. Enclose in an envelope with your first payment.
3. Mail to DeMoss Associates, Inc. Valley Forge, Pa.

YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR GOLD STAR POLICY PROMPTLY BY MAIL. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

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Mrs. Paul E. Williams—Richmond, Indiana: "We feel very fortunate that we have found an insurance company to assist in the care of the aged. It would have been a serious problem without your help in this case. We are very appreciative. Having had very little illness previously, nineteen weeks in the hospital was totally unexpected!"

Mrs. Mildred Fuller—Rochester, New York: "The insurance payment in behalf of my mother was received and greatly appreciated. I will not hesitate to recommend you to my friends. This was a great help at this time, and I'm sure the Lord will bless you as you continue in this service."

Rev. J. Elwin Zuch—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: "Thank God for the Gold Star Hospitalization Policy I hold with De Moss Associates. Just to know that my claim would be handled by Christians gave me a sense of security at the time I needed it most. Your disposition of my claim more than justified my expectations."

Mrs. Elnora Cratty—Ada, Ohio: "It is a pleasure to tell you how glad I am that I have taken your hospitalization. It is a great comfort to know I have it at my age, because I don't have much else to help me. I gladly recommend it to others. I cannot say how much I appreciate it."

Mary E. Ohrn—Virginia, Illinois: "Words cannot express my deep appreciation to De Moss Associates for the wonderful way in which my recent claim was handled. Truly, I felt I had received a check direct from Heaven when my payment came through. Metaphorically speaking, it was so, because the Gold Star Plan had its origin in the hearts of men who had been touched by the love of God. I had no idea when I was filling out the application that I would be hospitalized within three months."

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TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION FOR

Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy

0-1-8851-032

Name (Please Print) _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ Zone ____ County _____ State _____

Date of Birth: No. _____ Day _____ Yr. _____ Hght. _____ Wght. _____

My occupation is _____ Age _____

My beneficiary is _____ Relationship _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	AGE	HGHT.	WGHT.	BENEFICIARY
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				

To the best of your knowledge and belief, have you or any person listed above ever had high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis or tuberculosis or have you or they, within the last five years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered:

_____

_____

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date ..... *Signed:* X .....

FORM GS 713-3

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Letters

Bored Baby Does It!

MRS. WINIFRED E. RICH
Caneadea, N.Y.

The January cover should suit Mrs. Benedict to a "T" [see *Letters*, January, page 6]. It surely covers her requirements: "distinctive, great, uncluttered design pointing up an ideal, an aspiration, an evidence of true beauty."

That yawning baby has many a fan! One is a famed photographer who wrote to urge that the picture be entered in a contest—see next letter.—EDS.

Why Not?

IVAN DMITRI, *Director*
Photography in the Fine Arts
New York, N.Y.

Your January cover has a fine picture indeed. Don't you think this should be nominated by TOGETHER to be reviewed by the PFA (Photography in the Fine Arts) National Jury for consideration in its forthcoming collection of great contemporary photographs?

Done! And we wish we could be on hand to see the surprised face of photographer Harold L. McConnaughey as he reads the above letter!—EDS.

Four Would Be Better!

C. C. SHEDD, *Pastor*
Toledo, Ohio

Next time have a picture of twins, triplets, or quads all crying *together*.

It has been TOGETHER*'s custom to have a baby picture on each January issue. Now Mr. Shedd suggests we increase our numbers. Are there any candidates for next year? Or, have you an ESPECIALLY good picture of a single baby you'd like to submit?*—EDS.

Christmas Came Too Early!

JOHN BIRD
St. Louis, Mo.

I consider TOGETHER an excellent magazine and have always enjoyed it—but the December issue is a flop.

Why present your Christmas message even before the "dime stores" have begun, before I've heard Christmas music on the radio, before Thanksgiving, when our churches haven't even begun that most important celebration?

I wish you could arrange to have Christmas in December!

TOGETHER—*as the subline on the cover notes—is a "midmonthly," striving always to reach readers by the 15th of the month preceding month of issue.*—EDS.

Congratulations, Dr. Dryden

H. W. JINSKE, *Pastor*
Hot Springs, Ark.

I wish to congratulate Hugh L. Dryden on his excellent article *Man's Eternal Quest* [January, page 14]. It is a fine portrayal of man's progress, not only in things material but also in the things of the spirit. Dr. Dryden's thinking is progressive and constructive. He not only has given us a résumé of man's past achievements, but also points to the future possibilities of the human race.

Series Inspires Sermons

MRS. MARTHA HOWARD
Colorado Springs, Colo.

This letter is to inform you of the use our pastor, Dr. Ben F. Lehmberg, is making of the *We Believe* series.

During the past summer, announcements in the church bulletin urged members who were not subscribers to start subscriptions so that they would be receiving their copies of TOGETHER when the series began. Then, beginning October 8, 1961, and continuing the second Sunday of each month, Dr. Lehmberg preached a series of sermons based on these articles.

This was planned to give the members a chance to read and meditate upon each article before hearing the pastor's sermon.

Why 'a Naive Polytheism'?

LEONARD S. BARRY
Director, The Wesley Foundation
Central Missouri State College
Warrensburg, Mo.

I was dismayed to read the unfounded and unwarranted criticism in the December *Letters* of John Deschner's article on the Holy Trinity [*God . . . Son . . . Holy Spirit*, October, 1961, page 45]. Unfortunately, too many of our Methodist brethren are laboring under the assumption that correct doctrine involves adherence to a naive polytheism.

Mr. Deschner's article needs no defense. He has not suggested that the second and third persons of the Trinity are not involved within the Godhead. I think he has shown us that the meaning of "person" in the 20th century has made the 4th-century term *persona* almost conceptually impossible.

Now Hear This . . .

E. J. WARREN
Keosauqua, Iowa

Articles and pictures about church architecture [see *Radiant New Churches Proclaim Our Faith*, November, 1961, page 37] are interesting, but you have omitted the most important aspect: the acoustics of the church.

The building should be so constructed that anyone with normal hearing can hear the speaker from anywhere in the church.

Spend Too Much on Churches?

ROBERT F. ACHESON
Ollie, Iowa

I have noticed in various TOGETHER issues, especially the November, 1961, issue [*Radiant New Churches Proclaim Our Faith*], pictures and articles about all the new churches with all their excessive finery! Thousands of dollars worth of it on each page! And $1,400,000 worth in a single church!

How we could help our underprivileged Americans with money saved by building nice but modest, usable churches! Some churches give the impression that people are trying to climb to heaven by way of high steeples and vaulted domes—expensive to build, heat, and keep in repair. How can people across the sea have a very good picture of Christianity from the way we spend the Lord's money?

She Wants More Methodist Art

MRS. SUSANNA K. QUANT
Rochester, N.Y.

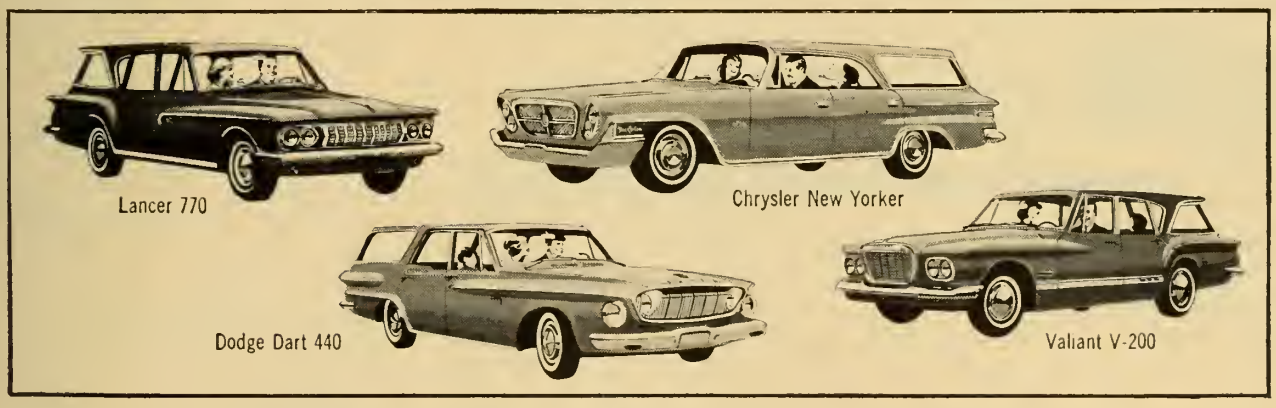
The seven carol illustrations by Methodist artists [*Seven Artists of Today*,

They're easy to load and easy to drive

(and mighty easy on gas)

What makes these 1962 wagons from Chrysler Corporation so special? They are all live car. Every ounce of weight that doesn't help strength or performance is gone. As a result, acceleration is up as much as 10%, gas consumption is down. You'll find these cars easier to handle and park. And with no excess metal to get in the way, strong silent Unibody makes more room for passengers and cargo. (When you consider the compact Valiant and Lancer have 72 cubic feet of cargo area, you'll see what we mean.) Maintenance? Very little. You'll go 32,000 miles between major lube jobs, change oil but once in 4,000 miles. Sound good? Just try one.

Plymouth Fury



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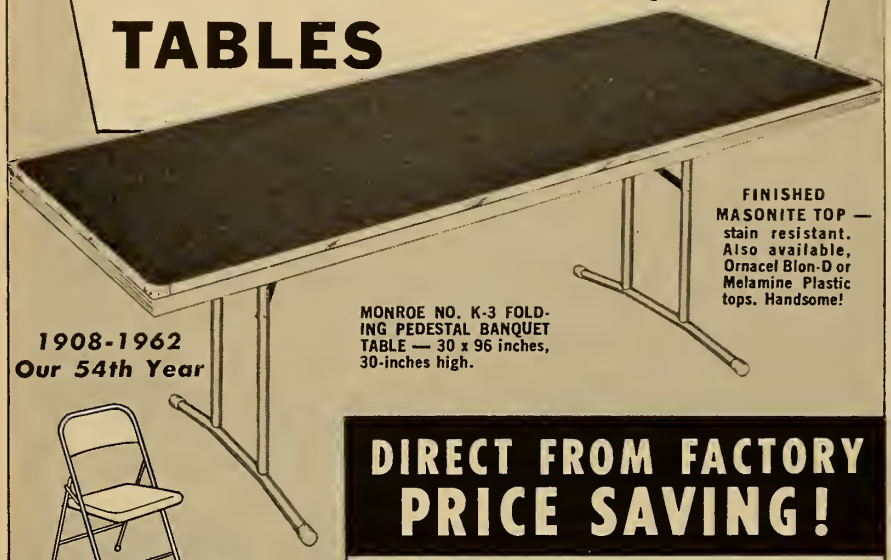

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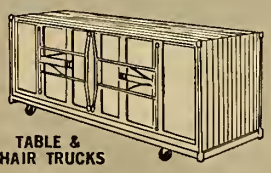
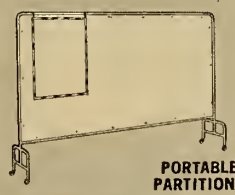


TABLE & CHAIR TRUCKS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THE MONROE COMPANY, 59 Church St., Colfax, Iowa

December, 1961, page 35] are some of the finest expressions of Christmas that I have seen. The proposed Fellowship of Methodist Artists should be a very rewarding one, and enriching to the church as a whole.

I hope as the organization develops, there may be a place in it for some of the non-professional or occasional painters.

In the meantime, I hope to see more of this type of art in TOGETHER.

Pam's Smile Is International!

MRS. WALTER KILLIUS
North Syracuse, N.Y.

Talk about amazing look-alikes, how's this for comparison? Our daughter, Pamela Jean, is six years old. Imagine my double take when I first saw the September, 1961, cover. It was as though I were looking at my own child.

Pamela Killius *Hilary Kirkpatrick*

I guess our youngsters are typical of most American children today, but that beautiful smile from ear to ear seems to be international. Isn't it wonderful to see?

Re: 'Guileless Girl's Legs'

JAMES A. HEIMBACH, JR.
Altoona, Pa.

By chance I glanced at the letter of Mrs. W. M. Fowler [January, page 10]. Is it any wonder that we youth are becoming quite skeptical over the Christian faith when one who, no doubt, calls herself a good Christian is so ashamed of the human form as to want to hide even this guileless girl's legs?

Things like this I have ceased to try to explain to myself.

To judge from letters we've received, most readers would line up with you, James. But let's not forget Methodists aren't required to see eye to eye—on many matters.—EDS.

Pageants in Poor Taste?

J. DAVID TOWNSEND, *Pastor*
Bel Air, Md.

Re: *Here's How They Do It at Paducah* [December, 1961, page 60]:

Until a few years ago, it was considered by Protestants a gross infringement of good taste, if not morality, for

(*Continued on page 76*)

Together / NEWSLETTER

FIVE CENTS A WEEK FOR MISSIONS. Methodism's 10 million members gave $2.73 per person, or 5 cents a week, for overseas and home missions during the 1961 fiscal year ending May 31. The Methodist Board of Missions, in session at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., was told that income set a new high of $31,099,000, an increase of $1.4 million over 1960. Expenditures also reached a new high of $33,785,000, up $3.6 million over the previous year. The board spent 51 percent of its income, or $17.1 million, for overseas work, and 37 percent, or $12.6 million, for home-missions projects. The remainder went for education and cultivation, administration, and miscellaneous items.

GIVING FOR COLLEGES UP. The Methodist Board of Education at its annual meeting in Cincinnati reported that Methodists gave $12.6 million to the denomination's colleges, universities, seminaries, and Wesley Foundations last year. This was nearly $800,000 more than for the previous year. At the same time, the 91-member board heard Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia warn that church-related schools are "headed for liquidation . . . unless we can convince our constituency that we have an educational product to offer which is more to be desired than the education attractions which state expenditures can provide." Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., told the educators that "religion as we have known it in our church and in our church schools must undergo a radical revolution if it is to survive the years of testing that are upon us." (For more on board meeting see page 69.)

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER. In more than 20,000 U.S. towns and cities, dedicated groups of women will gather for the 76th observance on March 9 of the World Day of Prayer. Their prayers will be joined by those of women meeting around the world.

MAKE RECORD-BREAKING APPEAL. Protestant churches in the U.S. will seek to raise a record-breaking total of $15.2 million for aid to hungry, homeless, and destitute people overseas during 1962. Highlight of the appeal will be the One Great Hour of Sharing on April 1, in which more than 94,000 congregations will participate.

(More church news on page 68)

CLUBS, CHURCHES, ORGANIZATIONS!

RAISE FUNDS FASTER

through this original new program

. . . without investing a penny!

Right now, a remarkable new plan is proving its success by helping thousands of organizations raise funds faster, easier than ever before.

The Program is simple. It is fun. It is easily adaptable to any organization regardless of the number of members or the amount of the goal. Best of all, it takes the "charity" out of fund-raising by using the proven "Give-To-Get" principle which rewards the donor with a worthwhile bonus of exclusive greeting cards, luxurious stationery and gift items that automatically increase contributions.

PROGRAM MAY BE USED IN MANY WAYS WHICH REQUIRE NO SELLING!

The Artistic Plan is *flexible*. It may be used by itself—or tied in with your year 'round fund-raising events. Most important, the Plan may be used in many ways which require *no selling of any kind.*

No matter how much your organization needs — $100, $300, $500 or more — no matter how soon you need it — this unusually successful program may help you as it has helped so many school and church groups, community associations and clubs all over the country. Many rely on it exclusively to meet their financial needs.

Send today for FREE details, complete money-making plans, plus demonstration kit ON APPROVAL.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
74 Way Street, Elmira, New York

Yes, I'd like to find out more about how your new fund-raising program can help my organization raise money faster. Please rush All Occasion assortments *On Approval*—also Free Stationery Samples, Catalog and 10-Point Organization Fund-Raising Plan.

Organization _____

Name _____ Title _____

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City _____ Zone ____ State _____ 3-FR

"Because I was nervous to my fingertips, my doctor started me on Postum."

"You can imagine how it worried me, when I found it hard to thread a needle! Of course I wasn't sleeping very well, but I hadn't realized how unsteady I'd become. Time to see the doctor, I told myself.

" 'Can't find anything wrong,' the doctor told me, 'unless maybe you've been drinking too much coffee.' It seems some people can't take the caffein in coffee. 'Change to Postum,' the doctor advised. 'It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake!'

"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free.

Another fine product of General Foods

✠ *Personal Testimony*

To See the Light

As the seedling grew into a tree, the atheist's unbreakable tomb was cracked open!

By DARREL BRADY

WITH WIDE webbed straps, four men lowered the wooden coffin into the dark hole. They threw some flowers into the grave, and several other people tossed handfuls of dirt. Only 5, I clutched Grandmother Mary's skirt; she put her arm around me and turned me away. "Grandma, what will they do now?" I asked.

"They will fill up the grave with dirt, and plant flowers on top," she said simply.

The matter-of-fact reply left my young mind perplexed, and I asked, "But Grandma, how will he be able to get up in that day you told me about?"

Grandmother Mary said nothing as I untied Pet, our horse, and handed her the reins. The buckboard bumped along the rutted trail for several minutes before she spoke. "Son," she said finally, "I'm going to tell you a story. I hope you won't forget it.

"Long ago in Germany," she began, "there was a woman who was an atheist."

"What's an atheist, Grandma?" I interrupted.

"A person who can't see the light."

"What light?"

"The light of the stars, Son."

"Oh," I said uncertainly.

"This woman wanted to prove to the world that there could be no Resurrection," Grandmother continued. "She was very rich, and she gave orders to the men who were to take care of her money after she died that they should build around her a tomb of stone so strong that her body never could rise out of it. Since it was the law, the men did build a great tomb, and around it an iron fence. What the builders didn't notice was that a tiny seed fell into a crevice between two of the massive stones, and one spring some years later it sprouted. As the seedling grew into a tree, it pushed aside the heavy stones, and the unbreakable tomb was cracked open!

"I'm not sure where that tree is, Sonny Boy," Grandmother Mary said as old Pet rounded a bend and the homestead came in sight. "But maybe one day you'll get there and see it for yourself."

Years later I did go to Germany, and when I heard about a burial place called *Geöffnetes Grab* ("The Grave That Was Opened") in the *Gartenfriedhof* ("Garden Cemetery") of Hanover, I knew I must visit it. Arriving late one gloomy afternoon with rain dripping from the trees, I knocked at the door of the caretaker's hut to inquire about the impregnable tomb. The gravekeeper responded gruffly in German,

"Do you come in faith or curiosity?"

"In the faith of my dear grandmother," I said.

His stern look faded as he replied, "You will have no trouble finding the tomb. Out of its great crack grows the finest tree in the garden." He was right. Near the center of the cemetery I found a splendid birch, its stout trunk protruding from betweeen the stones of a massive tomb. Looking closely, I saw the inscription: *Dieses auf ewig erkaufte Begräbnis darf nie geöffnet werden* ("This tomb, for which the burial plot was acquired forever and anon, must never be opened").

Months later, back in the United States I drove west to see Grandma. I had several gifts for her—perfume from Paris, silk from Italy, a cuckoo clock from the Black Forest. She knew I was coming and had prepared a mound of fried chicken she knew I loved. After dinner, as we sat in the small Oregon cottage where she lived alone, I brought out my gifts. Her eyes sparkled as she opened the packages from places she had only heard and dreamed about.

But now, as I think back, I knew the gift that pleased her most was a picture I handed across the table after the other parcels had been opened. There was a shimmering moistness in her eyes as she examined the photograph of a beautiful tree growing from the big crack in a great tomb.

"I'm glad you didn't forget," she said.

Protestant churchmen should neither expect nor receive special immunity from criticism. But a noted newspaperman asks:

Why the Sniping at Our Preachers?

By MILBURN P. AKERS, Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

I AM NOT one who believes clergymen should be immune from criticism. Neither would I contend that organized religion in any of its manifestations should be immune.

I am, however, one who has wearied of the frequently uninformed, many times baseless, sometimes downright vituperative attacks on clergymen and churches—especially when such attacks result from pastors and church groups speaking out on the social ills of our time. I am convinced that such attacks can only harm Protestantism by undermining the faith and confidence of churchmen in their chosen spokesmen and institutions.

No segment of American society—not even the church—should expect its activities in controversial areas to go unchallenged. But neither our churches nor our nation can afford strife of the kind which breeds mutual mistrust. We cannot win the struggle against international communism by tactics which set church against church and neighbor against neighbor.

I wish we could just laugh away the charges of those who sniff "subversives" in every pulpit and pew. But we cannot. For many people accept these shadowy charges as truth. The time has come for responsible and informed churchmen across the country to set the record straight on just what the Protestant Christian witness in America is all about.

I do not say, nor do I intend to imply, that opinions and activities of all Protestant clergymen deserve universal approval. I doubt there is a minister in the country whose judgment I could support 100 per cent of the time. Nor would I offer blanket endorsement to all pronouncements and policies of a body such as the National Council of Churches. I have often disagreed with the NCC and its various divisions—as I also have with the United States Congress, the Supreme Court, and Presidents of both political persuasions.

None of my differences of opinion with the National Council makes me any less determined to defend the right of that group—or any other—to state objective opinions on whatever issues it feels merit attention. It must be clear, of course, that the NCC speaks not so much *for* 40 million Protestant Americans as it speaks *to* them. Much of NCC's past public-relations difficulties has revolved around that misconception. [See Powwow, *Who Should Speak for the Church?* October, 1961, page 32.]

What is the source of the attacks which have disrupted, divided, and embittered so many communities across the nation?

Most prominent and best publicized—against its wishes—is the John Birch Society. It was organized in 1958 by a retired candy manufacturer, Robert Welch, of Belmont, Mass., and named for a young Baptist missionary and U.S. Army officer killed by Communists in China shortly after World War II.

The Birch Society, however, is only one of many in the field. Welch himself has listed many other "anti-communist groups" which he endorses and urges his followers to support.

Among such groups there is considerable cross-pollination of ideas and dual membership. Precise membership figures are not usually known, and in some they are closely guarded secrets. Birch Society leaders now claim 100,000 adherents and predict growth to 1 million in a few years.

Whatever their exact memberships, one thing is certain: the rise of right-wing extremists (who should not be confused with conservatives) is not a regional phenomenon. Typically, they try to influence parent-teacher associations, school and library boards, and governmental bodies at all levels. This is their right as Americans. What I object to is that they fling charges of "subversion" and "communist influence" at any who rise to challenge them.

No one has the right, legal or moral, to engage in character assassination, distortion, and intimidation to advance his views. The extremist groups demonstrate an almost total inability to deal in facts. As a newspaperman, I am particularly irritated when they are reckless in their charges, uncharitable in their judgments, unchristian in their methods. Ultimately, I am convinced, they will expire of their own excesses, as error usually does. And when they do, the proper place of interment will be in the same philosophical cemetery where lie the remains of the Know-Nothings, the Coughlinites, and the Silver Shirts.

Preposterous charges of procommunism against such Americans as Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chief Justice Earl Warren, and the late Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, have been made by the founder of the Birch Society. More to the point, however, is Mr. Welch's nonsense about communist

infiltration of the clergy. Repeatedly, at Birch rallies around the country and in his writings, Mr. Welch has charged that some 7,000 of the country's 200,000 Protestant ministers are "comsymps" (his contraction for communist sympathizers). Yet, when challenged, as he recently was by Bishop Richard C. Raines of Methodism's Indiana Area, he failed to produce the name of a single "comsymp" in Protestant clerical ranks. Similarly, after the ex-candy-maker declared "one half of 1 per cent of Catholic priests are comsymps," he admitted: "This figure . . . is simply pulled out of a hat, as a complete guess, without any substantiation being claimed."

Bishop Everett W. Palmer of Seattle has warned Methodists of his area that "those who attempt to silence, discredit, or destroy a minister would do the same to Jesus Christ." Nothing worse could befall the nation, he said, than to have Christian ministers abandon leadership in championing "justice, mercy, freedom, brotherhood, and peace. The minister is a defender of the underprivileged, the oppressed, and forsaken."

Far from supporting communism, Bishop Palmer added, "Everything the church does is in opposition to the communist evil—every sermon preached by a minister, every pastoral call made, every hour spent in the direction and nurture of children and youth, everything done for Christ by dedicated laymen, people willing to accept responsibility for teaching in the church school, men who have enough love for Christ and their fellow men to work week in and week out in the task of visitation evangelism. It would be a dark, dark day in the history of mankind," the bishop warned, "if the church let the Communists appear to be the only voice in behalf of the downtrodden."

The Christian faith, as I understand it, is two-pronged. It involves God's concern for man, and man's response to that concern in his relationships with God and his fellow men. This places a high premium on our regard for others and how they live. And, since man cannot be dealt with apart from his environment, the Christian church over the centuries has concerned itself with

Mr. Akers is from a proud Methodist heritage. Both his father and grandfather were ministers—the latter, Peter Akers, an early president of Methodism's oldest continuing school: McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill. The Chicago newspaperman, a member of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, is a 1925 McKendree graduate. He is a trustee for both his alma mater and MacMurray College, also Methodist-related, in Jacksonville, Ill.

the physical as well as the spiritual condition of humankind. Like most church bodies, Methodism has a proud heritage of expressing that concern in its hospitals and homes for the orphaned, the sick, and the aged, in its efforts to advance education, world peace, temperance, and social justice for the hungry, the destitute, and the afflicted.

If our faith properly concerns itself, not only with man's relation to God but with man's relation to man as well, then I fail to understand why anyone would contend that clergymen, churches, and church organizations should not speak out on the social ills and evils of the day. Man's relation to man is involved.

Prudence and Christian charity demand careful research, objective analysis, and impassioned reasoning before the Church and its clergy engage in controversial issues. But if a man knows whereof he speaks, if he speaks what he believes to be true, and if he is convinced that goodwill results from his speaking, then by all means let him speak!

Individuals and organizations which engage in controversy, of course, must be prepared to pay the price of controversy. An endorsement of planned parenthood invites objections. Advocacy of the Social Security program as the means for financing medical aid for the needy aged can be expected to stir dissent. And one who speaks out for federal aid to education should not expect silence from its opponents. Still, one should be permitted to engage in such debate without being subjected to slander.

I am something of a pragmatist, myself. Occasionally, I agree with the liberals; sometimes I agree with the conservatives; much of the time I agree only with myself. But I have lived long enough to discover that I am sometimes wrong, that those with whom I occasionally disagree are sometimes right. The clash of ideas is essential in a free society. If divergent ideas—even unpopular ideas—cannot be expressed, the society is no longer free. The clash of ideas is jeopardized when sincere, informed persons, whether of liberal or conservative persuasion, lay or clergy, are vilified because they hold dissenting or unpopular views.

A clergyman who concerns himself with the subtleties of theology and the nuances of liturgy may, if he possesses the social graces, satisfy both himself and the complacent. He may bring contentment to the distraught. But will he bring justice to the oppressed? Will he bring opportunity to the underprivileged? Will he help eradicate evil? In his role of prophet for his church and community, the clergyman has a duty to speak out for what he feels are needed reforms of the national and community life.

I am not suggesting that clergymen should espouse a particular point of view. I am merely stating that a clergyman, a church, or an association of churches has at least as much right, and probably more obligation, to express opinions on the moral and social problems of the day as any other individual, association, or organization.

That some do not wish to engage in controversy is understandable. The right to speak out does not necessarily entail an obligation to speak out. The consequences can be calumny, misrepresentation, and, in many instances, allegations that the speaker must be at best a fellow traveler, possibly a Communist.

The suggestion that the Protestant clergy is infiltrated by Communists is dastardly. The Protestant ministry may have some freewheeling thinkers; I wish it had more. It may contain some impetuous young men who harbor the prevalent notion that all social ills can be corrected by legislation. In due course they will grow up. There may even be a few screwballs and crackpots in the lot. It would be an exceptional group if there were none.

It is ridiculous to equate nonconformity with communism. The Protestant clergy, individually and collectively, are a well-educated, dedicated, spiritually motivated lot, who, thank God, seek to activate America's social conscience. What they need from laymen is not heckling but support based on understanding. The kind of support I'm talking about, evidenced all too infrequently, came recently from some 300 Methodist laymen and ministers meeting as the District Board of Lay Activities in Ruston District of northern Louisiana.

Expressing regret that motives and purposes of The Methodist Church and its leaders have been distorted, the group unanimously declared: "We believe the churches, our ministers, and our district superintendents are the great bulwark against communism in America today; and we believe in The Methodist Church, its ministry, and in the great work of preaching, teaching, and counseling in which our church and leaders are engaged."

That kind of firm, level-headed backing, voiced by local Methodist leaders, could well be imitated throughout the Church.

The National Council of Churches, in which The Methodist Church is the largest single denominational unit, also deserves our support. Let there be no misapprehension; I am not an apologist for that body. It certainly did not speak for me when it endorsed Social Security financing of medical care for the aged or the specifics of President Kennedy's proposal for federal aid to public education. The latter proposal was loosely drawn and economically unsound.

I may sometimes question the wisdom of the council's decisions, but I do not challenge its right to take a stand on whatever issues it sees fit. Those who wish to accept the NCC's judgments are free to do so, just as I am free to reject them. I accept the premise that the National Council is speaking to, not for, its

"Let our patriotism be reflected in the creation of confidence rather than crusades of suspicion. The one great irreversible trend in world history is on the side of liberty—and so, for all time to come, are we."

—President John F. Kennedy

constituencies. So long as the NCC accepts that premise, it is immaterial to me whether our views coincide or diverge. When they diverge, I concede to the NCC the same sincerity and conviction I expect to be credited with myself.

I rejoice that the National Council of Churches has the courage to take positions on controversial social issues. I wish more individuals and organizations would do likewise. So long as the NCC expresses opinions which are its own, so long as it remains free from domination by pressure groups, vested interests, and other self-serving organizations and individuals, I will defend its current practices.

Communism thrives on turmoil. As FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has pointed out: "The danger of indiscriminately alleging that someone is a Communist merely because his views on a particular issue happen to parallel the official party position is obvious. The confusion which is thereby created helps the Communists by diffusing the forces of their opponents."

Mr. Hoover adds: "Unfortunately, there are those who make the very mistake the Communists are so careful to avoid. These individuals concentrate on the negative rather than on the positive. They are merely against communism without being for any positive measures to eliminate the social, political, and economic frictions which the Communists are so adroit at exploiting."

Then Mr. Hoover reminds us: "These persons could do well to recall a recent lesson from history. Both Hitler and Mussolini were against communism. However, it was by what they stood for, not against, that history has judged them."

By the very nature of Protestantism, which was born in controversy, there will be conflicting views among us. We are not authoritarian either in philosophy or organization. We do not intend to be. But we will become so if we meekly permit our clergymen and our churches to be continually abused by those who seek to silence criticism of the social order by slander and misrepresentation.

The time has come for Protestants to protest!

What One Man Can Do

By WILLIAM S. SULLIVAN
Assistant Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

Excerpts from a speech the author delivered at Highland Park Methodist Church, Dallas, Texas

WHAT CAN one man do to strengthen our way of life and counter communism? Here are some suggestions:

1. Start with oneself. Engage regularly in self-examination as a means of better understanding and applying daily the moral and religious values of our Judeo-Christian heritage. We convince not by words but by example.

2. Study and comprehend fully our nation's social principles, traditions, values, governmental structure, and historic goals. Relate them correctly to current local, national, and international events.

3. Vote for local, state, and federal officials of intelligence, ability, and integrity.

4. Follow systematically the work and decisions of your elected representatives, and let them know your views on important issues.

5. Understand the communists' thought, objectives, strategy, and tactics. As FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover points out: "Communism is, indeed, our paramount adversary, and it leans on its credo of invincibility and a concept of historical inevitability to accomplish its ends. The way to fight it is to study it, understand it, and discover what can be done about it. This cannot be achieved by dawdling at the spring of knowledge; it can only be accomplished by dipping deeply into thoughtful, reliable, and authoritative sources."

6. Insist that every citizen is legally entitled to freedom of thought, expression, action, dissent, experimentation, education, and worship.

7. Join proven local institutions or establish new organizations designed to improve and strengthen the community. Participate in them regularly and effectively.

8. Eradicate local conditions that invite communism: poverty, disease, illiteracy, economic dislocation, social injustices, social discrimination, political corruption, educational inadequacies, psychological maladjustments, philosophical materialism, religious anemia, and moral decadence.

9. Work steadily toward better relations between races, religions, and different social groups, and between labor and management.

10. Encourage in one's local community original thinking, intellectual pioneering, moral growth.

11. Contribute to a continuous revitalization of community religious life, beginning with oneself.

12. Stimulate cultural diversity, variety, and creativity. The unity we seek is not uniformity.

13. Help to direct individual and community thinking into constructive action replete with social vision. Where there is no vision, the people perish.

14. Develop as goals for both young and old self-discipline, personal responsibility, dedication to worthy causes, loyalty to basic values, and deep-rooted convictions in the inherent dignity and preciousness of every human being, and in the superiority of a free and open society in which every individual has equal opportunity to achieve self-realization.

15. Recognize that while there are both permanence and change in life, there is no fixed status quo; hence we need to understand social transitions and to control and direct these transitions in accordance with spiritual and moral values of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

Nuclear Explosions: *What W*

A 20-megaton blast over Los Angeles would cause: (1) a total destruction 2.1 miles from ground zero; (2) heavy damage 8 miles out; (3) light damage 16 miles away; and (4) fires 29 miles out.

WHILE the great survival debate rages, several churches are quietly building fallout shelters. Others flatly say they won't.

The shelter issue has produced similar splits wherever people live and work. Few deny the threat of nuclear holocaust, but disagreement is sharp over what should be done about it.

Uncertainty no longer extends to what a nuclear attack might do to us. Experts generally agree on what we can expect in terms of loss of life, physical damage, and aftereffects. To help us understand what they are saying, here are explanations of the technical jargon used:

Fallout: The sifting back to earth of radioactive materials.

Fireball: The huge flame—hotter than the sun's surface—which forms an instant after the explosion.

Fire storm: A fire of such size and intensity that it creates a huge vacuum, sucking debris and perhaps even houses into its flames.

Ground zero: The surface point directly below—or above—the center of a nuclear burst.

Megaton: The energy released by one million tons of TNT.

Shock wave: The wall of air which races outward from the blast at speeds up to 900 miles per hour.

In these words—and others equal-

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Should Churches Hav

'It is the church's task to provide spiritual and physical sustenance'

Believes J. B. Dryfield

Pastor, Kenova Methodist Church, Kenova, W.Va.

LONG and prayerful deliberation and discussion preceded the decision to include a fallout shelter in the new addition to our church. Some in the congregation opposed the plan, regarding it as a waste of both time and money. Most supported it on the ground that it is the church's task to provide spiritual and physical sustenance and shelter for those in need.

To understand the reasons behind our decision, it is necessary to know something of our community and our church.

Kenova is a growing town of 4,500, located at the junction of the Big Sandy and Ohio Rivers in a heavily industrialized area ringed roughly by Huntington, W.Va., Ironton, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky. Many of our citizens are employed at a multi-million-dollar plastics plant; soon others will begin working at a new, $15 million aluminum mill. Interstate Highway 64 will be built through the edge of town.

All this leads us to conclude that Kenova probably would be in a prime-target area in any nuclear conflict.

Across the street from our church is an elementary school which has 400 pupils but no basement or any other provisions for adequate shelter. In fact, to my knowledge there is not a single community fallout shelter in the entire county.

These are the principal reasons for our decision to build a shelter. It will not be easy. There is little wealth in our congregation of 150 families, and the shelter accounts for some $10,000 of the estimated $75,000 cost of the new addition. But we are determined to raise the money to build it.

Typical of our families is one which gives $40 a month to the church, even though living in a rented house. Our church regularly supplies food to needy families and has paid $3,500 on its $8,954 pledge to the conference Faith-in-Action program.

We already have raised $31,000 in cash and pledges over the next three years for the new building. Many local businessmen, merchants, and groups have become interested in the shelter project and have promised contributions. We hope to start construction in April.

The shelter area will consist of the basements of the existing structure and of the new wing. The former will have to be modified, and the latter will be built with a thick, protective floor overhead. There will be provisions for blocking off the windows and filtering

eed to Know to Talk Knowledgeably About Them

ly terrifying—the experts tell us what would happen if a 20-megaton bomb were exploded two miles above one of our major cities:

A fireball would bloom instantly to a diameter of more than four miles, incinerating everything beneath it. Brighter than the sun and visible for 400 miles, it would start scattered fires 38 miles out, blister a man at 32 miles, and kill him at 29 miles.

Pressures with the force of 10 hurricanes would slam outward, buckling buildings and hurling the pieces through the air. Even 10 miles out, 160-mile winds would hit. Windows would shatter 81 miles away.

Such an airburst soon would create a cloud 22 miles high, but yield little fallout. A comparable surface burst, best against military targets, would hurl radioactive material skyward from a crater 300 feet deep and three fifths of a mile across. Fallout would be severe.

One side says shelters might prevent such attacks, or enable some survivors to emerge and slowly rebuild civilization. The other says they only increase tensions and the possibility of destruction.

To sample current thinking, we present below four opinions representative of those held by concerned Christians today.

A basement fallout shelter is included in the $75,000 remodeling job planned by Kenova, W.Va., Methodist church.

ALLOUT SHELTERS?

the air supply. We also hope to include a water well, a two-way radio, and a two-week supply of food.

The shelter could comfortably accommodate 200 people, and it might protect twice that many in an emergency. It will be open not just for Methodists, but for whoever may need it. If and when the attack comes, we will decide then what to do about closing the doors.

We do not know whether or not the shelter would save us in a nuclear attack. The government advises us that it might, and we are only trying to do the best we can in the light of what we know.

We do believe that man has a purpose on this earth, and that he is obligated to provide for future generations. We will not subscribe to the hopeless attitude of those who say they would not care to survive in a world where many of their friends were dead, modern civilization was wiped out, and disease was rampant.

The human race makes many compromises with life on this earth. The Jews were decimated in World War II, but they have risen again to build a new nation. In Indonesia, 50 per cent of all babies die in infancy, but the parents go on living. In Iran, 90 per cent of the people born will not live until their 21st birthdays, but the rest will fight for life. In the United States, people are killed and maimed in auto accidents at the rate of three million per year, but you and I will go on driving to work every day.

According to the Rand Corporation's studies for the U.S. government, a nuclear attack might set civilization back 60 years in this country. Your life expectancy would be no greater than your grandfather's, you would receive no more goods or services than he did, and a hostile environment would cancel many medical gains.

Life under such conditions might not be pleasant, but I refuse to believe that it would be intolerable. So long as God is in his heaven and there still are people who love and serve him, life will hold many rewards no matter what its conditions are.

'I feel that shelters create more problems than they solve'

Says James L. Welden
Pastor, Park Street Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga.

IF PEOPLE feel that they must build fallout shelters, I will not try to dissuade them. But I would never build one myself. I simply feel that shelters create more problems than they solve, and I have no assurance that they will achieve even the purpose for which intended.

I have read that a 10-megaton blast would loose fire

storms over several hundred square miles. *If* I escaped a direct hit, and *if* I were not incinerated in this holocaust (if—if—if), what would I breathe? Fire feeds on oxygen, and my tiny shelter soon would be sucked dry.

If I doubt the shelter's ability to protect me in war, I doubt even more its ability to prevent war. Rather, I believe it increases the chance of war by giving us a false sense of security, encouraging an intransigent attitude in negotiations, and giving the enemy the impression we are preparing for war.

But, assuming that I had a shelter which would provide temporary protection from blast, fire, and fallout, could I use it? What if the attack came during school hours? Would my wife even enter the shelter, much less lock her children out? And, if I were able to get inside, should I be prepared to shoot the neighbors when they came pounding at the door? No, I do not think so. We could not do these things.

The problems would be lessened only slightly by community shelters. There would be only so much room, so much food and drink, and sooner or later the doors would have to be closed. Always someone would be left outside.

I particularly do not feel that it is the function of the church to build fallout shelters. One of the church's essential tasks is to teach and preach love by word and example. Building shelters scarcely can cause us to love our enemies—as Christ admonished us to do—when it already has set clergyman against clergyman in angry argument and threatens to set friend against friend in mortal combat.

The church must stand with arms open to all, rather than selfishly seeking to save only its own. It must spread the gospel of love in a fearful world, instead of taking action which might increase fear.

Finally, if we are to save anyone—including ourselves—I believe we must move in another direction. The money which we would use to put layers of concrete over our heads must be used to put roofs over the heads of the poor. The food with which we would stock our shelters must be used to feed the hungry. Only then will there be a real chance for peace.

This was Christ's way, and I believe it is the way in which all Christians are called to follow.

The Deluge: *Gustave Doré's famed engraving depicts terrified victims of the biblical flood. Noah and his family—ridiculed for building an ark—were saved.*

'I do not want to have to say that I hid, and thought only of myself'

Declares Newell P. Knudson
Pastor, *Community Methodist Church, Greenfield, Calif.*

A WAR WHICH would kill or maim millions, destroy civilization as we know it, and leave much of the earth uninhabitable for weeks, years—perhaps forever—now is possible. Not probable, I think, but possible. Several nations possess weapons capable of such destruction, and we seem to exist in a perpetual state of provocation.

Three ways out of this dilemma have been suggested: (1) build fallout shelters for our own protection; (2) fight communism with political, economic, or military means; (3) try to win over our enemies with love and goodwill. Before we decide which of these ways is best, I believe we should try to anticipate—and answer—the questions which our actions might raise.

Perhaps the most obvious of the three alternatives is to build shelters. Then, if and when the attack comes, we and our families can retreat underground and attempt to wait it out. If we escape a direct hit and are not incinerated or suffocated, we might emerge and pick up the pieces of life on earth again.

But could we do this? If we lived through the attack and survived radiation, famine, disease, and exposure, could we live with either ourselves or God again?

I'm not convinced that mere survival is what we want. Human lives are valuable, but a Christian values human souls more. Most of us would not want to survive with our health gone and everything we had loved destroyed. We don't want merely to exist; we want to live.

What would we answer when our consciences asked, "What, in the name of Christ, did you do to help the sick, the wounded, and the dying?" What would we reply when God inquired, "What was your witness in a world of fear and suffering?"

I do not want to have to say that I hid, locked my neighbors out, and thought only of myself. I do not want my final testimony of faith to be: "I prayed for peace, God, but then I went out and built a shelter. I did not really believe that you would or could bring peace." If I had to do this, I believe I would be saving my life only to lose my soul.

Perhaps, then, we should fight communism. Or, rather,

Russia, because it is always easier—if less effective—to fight a country than to fight an idea. Some people in the United States already have suggested that we start a preventive war!

We could do this. If we launched our bombers and missiles first, we might win the war and escape with relatively few casualties. But while this might destroy a few of our enemies, it would create more.

Or, we could actively fight communism by other means. We could silence those who disagree with us by throwing them in jail, burning their literature, and outlawing their meetings. But this would not create peace and understanding, only achieve the enemy's purpose.

As I write, a picture of Jesus sits on my desk. Somehow, I cannot see him flying the planes or aiming the missiles which would wipe out the Communists. I cannot see him burning books, browbeating people, or throwing men into jail. Rather, I see him in the Garden of Gethsemane saying to Peter: "All who take the sword will perish by the sword. Do you think I cannot appeal to my Father and he will send me more than 12 legions of angels?"

Jesus wanted certain things done, but he wanted them done in a certain way. His way was the way of aggressive love. His way would make fallout shelters unnecessary, and it leads us to the third alternative.

Will people respond to love? They have. Our missions have lifted whole peoples out of darkness, fear, and savagery. Gandhi's love won the respect of the world and the freedom of a vast nation. Today, love is raising the hopes of poor, underprivileged groups all across the U.S.

A young Southern California Methodist named Keith Smith, seeing in Africa the desperate need for food, hit upon a plan. First he found a manufacturer who would make a tractor which would be cheap and easy to operate and maintain. Then he sold his friends on the idea of buying the tractors and giving them to the Africans.

Today, more than 100 tractors from Agricultural Aids Foundation are plowing the fields of Africa, and more are on the way. Enough men with the spirit of Keith Smith could end forever the threat of war.

Perhaps you still are convinced that you should build a fallout shelter. If so, I hope you will invest an equal sum in the mission program of your church, and spend as much time in prayers for peace as you spend on construction.

My position is illustrated by the events which occurred on May 19, 1780, in Hartford, Conn. At noon that day, the skies turned from blue to gray, and by midafternoon they were so black that men were sure judgment day had come. In the Connecticut House of Representatives, some men fell to their knees while others called for adjournment. Colonel Davenport, the speaker, rose to his feet, silenced them, and said:

"The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

If the darkness descends upon us, I wish to be found spreading the gospel of love, hope, and faith. I pray that I may be one who will bring a candle, rather than sit in a fallout shelter and curse the darkness.

'Churches can provide fallout protection at reasonable cost'

Advises Lawrence B. Perkins
Partner, *Perkins & Will, Architects, Chicago, Ill.*

MUCH OF WHAT we say about the chances of surviving a nuclear war necessarily is conjecture, since no one ever has experienced the terrifying consequences of such a conflict. However, churches wondering what to do about fallout shelters should not be deterred by those who say any thought of survival is futile. For it is possible to provide—at a reasonable cost—shelters which would save millions who might otherwise die in a nuclear attack.

An important point to remember is that we are discussing fallout shelters, not bomb shelters. It would be impractical—perhaps impossible—to build shelters which would save us from a direct hit or near-miss by a 20-megaton bomb. And the fire storms which would sweep the central target area might turn even the stoutest shelter into an incinerator or suffocation chamber.

We can, though, protect ourselves from fallout, the greatest threat to those who might survive the initial nuclear explosion and the resulting fires. Fallout is the radioactive dust which sifts back to earth from the atomic cloud, emitting harmful rays which can cause sickness and death. When and where it will be felt depends upon the type of explosion, the wind, and other atmospheric conditions. It may begin 20 minutes, several days, or weeks after the blast, and the intensity can vary greatly.

Due to the natural decay of radioactive materials, the level of radiation intensity falls rapidly. After 7 hours, it is reduced to about 10 per cent of its original level. After 48 hours it is down to 1 per cent, and in 2 weeks it might drop to .1 per cent. Generally, an adult could venture outside his shelter for limited periods two weeks after a full-scale attack.

Any barrier between you and the fallout will reduce radiation. The basement of an ordinary house provides some protection, and a basement with a concrete floor above it is even better. If the windows of such a basement were blocked and the dirt graded up around the outer walls, it might make an excellent shelter. Many underground parking garages and basements in big buildings easily could be converted into virtually fall-out-proof shelters.

If you are erecting a new building and wish to include a shelter, you should put a 10 or 12-inch concrete floor over the basement. Covering this with a thin sheet of metal will provide additional protection.

It is considered advisable to have shelter walls and roofs which will reduce the radiation intensity to a hundredth of its original strength. This can be accomplished with 1¾ inches of lead, 4¾ inches of steel, 16 inches of concrete, 24 inches of earth, 65 inches of wood, or a combination of these materials.

There is no guarantee of survival in a nuclear war, but fallout shelters seem to be our best hope short of peace, for which we all hope and pray.

On a Sunday carriage ride, Mr. and Mrs. Harbour and Robert pass Williamsburg's ornate Governor's Palace.

People Called Methodist / No. 22 in a Series

The HARBOURS Know Their WILLIAMSBURG

ELSEWHERE in the U.S. it is considered an insult to accuse an entire community of living in the past. But not Williamsburg, Virginia! There, re-creating pre-Revolutionary times is serious business, and residents of the 263-year-old town take pride in the fact that their community life combines the best of both the 18th and 20th centuries. It is a curious but happy blend.

Since 1926, when the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., began restoration of Williamsburg to its appearance in the mid-1700s, the town has become one of the nation's outstanding historical shrines [see *Where American Protestantism First Took Root,* June, 1957, page 34]. Today, just about all 6,844 Williamsburgers are involved in bringing history to life for almost a million visitors yearly.

No family in town participates more actively in revitalizing Williamsburg's history-rich past than four Methodists—John W. Harbour, Jr., his wife, Helen, and their sons, Evans, 19, and Robert, 14—whose home is a reconstructed Colonial inn called Burdett's Ordinary. A former Alabama college professor, John is director of Colonial Williamsburg's division of presentation. His varied responsibilities include administration of exhibit buildings, the Information Center, and craft shops, and supervision of costumed guides and "interpreters" who help visitors visualize

One of 12 Williamsburg craft shops under Mr. Harbour's supervision is the Deane Forge. Here he visits with blacksmith John Allgood.

Practice makes perfect! Fife sergeant of Colonial Williamsburg's fife and drum corps, Evans Harbour won first place last August in southeastern states competition.

Following an 18th-century recipe book, Evans prepares herb pills in the Apothecary Shop. His major at Hampden-Sydney College: history, of course!

Mr. and Mrs. Harbour and Robert stroll on Duke of Gloucester Street by their home, Burdett's Ordinary. The sign it bears, "Edinburgh Castle," informed 18th-century travelers this was where John Burdett operated his tavern-lodging house.

life as it was lived in the Williamsburg of 200 years ago.

In a contrasting role as a Williamsburg school-board member, Mr. Harbour helps administer a thoroughly modern school program. Mrs. Harbour shares her husband's educational bent: she now teaches seventh grade classes at Williamsburg High School.

Before entering college last fall, Evans was fife sergeant of the award-winning Colonial Williamsburg fife and drum corps. Robert is following his brother's lead—but as a drummer. At the traditional Christmas observances all four Harbours don 18th-century costumes to join carolers who sing their way through the restored area's streets.

Fellow churchmen at 950-member Williamsburg Methodist Church are not surprised to learn that John W. Harbour's middle name is Wesley. He is on the official board, chairman of the music committee, and co-teacher of the Adult Fellowship Class; his wife and sons are active in other church affairs.

Says their pastor, Roscoe C. Johnson, of the Harbours: "They give a consistent and dedicated Christian witness, not only in church work but in daily contacts of community life."

Pastor Roscoe C. Johnson of Williamsburg Methodist Church greets the Harbours. George Whitefield, eloquent Methodist preacher, was here in 1740, and a Methodist society was formed in 1772.

John dries while Helen washes. This teamwork tradition developed early in the Harbours' married life when both were teaching school.

A handyman, John enjoys doing "puttering" jobs around home—such as helping the boys with bike repairs. The jig holding up the wheel is one of his minor inventions. Some years ago he made twin beds for the boys' room.

Bishop Ensley, a delegate to the recent World Council of Churches assembly in New Delhi, India, was elected there to the Central Committee, governing body of the WCC. A leader in the Christian-unity movement, he is chairman of Methodism's Commission on Ecumenical Consultation and vice-chairman of its Commission on Church Union.

A Look at Christianity From New Delhi

By F. GERALD ENSLEY
Bishop, Iowa Area, The Methodist Church

NOW that the great Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches rests from its labors, what conclusions may be drawn about world Christianity? What does a delegate gather from his contacts as to the status of our faith in the 20th century? Reviewing the magnificent three-week experience in the capital of India, what would one forecast as to the prospects for the Church in the days ahead?

The first prediction I would make is that Christianity will continue as a major force in the world.

To be sure, there have been plenty of distinguished chanters of requiem for Christianity in our time. But after watching the World Church in action in New Delhi, I am convinced that organized Christianity faces the future from a position of strength.

Perhaps the primary reason for ultimate optimism is the many-sidedness of Christianity's appeal. If it were narrow in its range of values, dated by antique modes of thought, and indissolubly wed to a particular culture, then its life expectancy in this age of swift change would not be long. But one cannot mingle in the crowds of an enclave like that which gathered at New Delhi without realizing how many different sorts and conditions of men Christianity has drawn into its orbit. The rationalist, the contemplative, the activist, the esthete, the formalist, even the abjurers of creed and sacrament—all find their preferred values in Christ.

The opening service at the recent assembly is symbolic of the makeup of world Christianity: the call to prayer was by a metropolitan of the Mar Thoma Syrian Orthodox Church, the act of thanksgiving by a Negro leader from Ghana, the Scriptures were read by an Argentine Methodist and a German Evangelical, the congregation said the Nicene Creed under the leadership of an archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, the sermon was delivered by a Burmese Baptist, with the closing act of intercession conducted by a Protestant Episcopal bishop from the United States.

Here is the wonder of our faith—a religion which took its rise in a tiny, unimpressive province of the Roman Empire and won its first converts from a despised race and among the disinherited classes. It has not only lasted for almost 20 centuries, but has captured the allegiance of the noblest personalities and most penetrating minds of history and enlisted disciples of every nation on the face of the earth.

The prognosis of Christianity's continuance is reinforced by the fact that the center of gravity in Christendom is slowly shifting toward those areas of the world where the masses of the uncommitted reside. Africa and Asia are destined to rule the globe. Since the peoples on those continents have overwhelming numerical superiority and since, to quote Napoleon's aphorism, gunpowder makes all men the same height, the advantages of the

West will melt away when at last the tools of power are in the hands of the tinted peoples of the earth. The hopeful fact, humanly speaking, is that the balance in Christendom also is changing with these new alignments in the world.

Holding the assembly in India testifies to what is occurring. There are 45 Asian and 26 African churches in the World Council of Churches, more than twice as many as belonged when it was organized in Amsterdam 14 years ago. These newer nations are beginning to assume responsibilities and make their weight felt in the counsels of the Church, as they are politically in the United Nations. If Christianity were to remain bound to Western society, its days could well be numbered. The fact that it is dynamically adjusting itself to a different culture speaks hopefully for its life.

Some years ago I heard a missionary in Africa note that at the two most crucial times of our Lord's career—when he was given refuge in Egypt after Herod sought to destroy him at his birth, and when he fell beneath the burden of the cross at the end and Simon of Cyrene, an African, carried it for him—at both times, Africans came to his succor. We may confidently believe that if Christ ever were in mortal danger in the West, again he would find harborage in the newer lands and among the younger churches.

ON THE second place, Christianity is moving inexorably toward unity.

The late Jan Smuts, the famed South African statesman and philosopher, had a theory which he called holism. The cosmos, according to his view, is moving toward more and more inclusive wholes. Such a philosophy surely describes the Church in our time. Many forces converge to make the Church ecumenical but basically it must unite to be loyal to the very New Testament ideal of the Church and to the Lord who prayed that all might be one. An exclusive church, like a round square, is a contradiction in terms.

In some parts of the world the Church must unite for survival; elsewhere, its most effective witness waits upon unity. For how can it call on the nations to resolve their differences when Christian brethren will not dwell in unity with one another? And how much missionary power will a Church manifest that remains visibly separate? Is there any place where competition and the overlapping of effort are not costly?

The Christian conscience is not alone in being disturbed over such matters. The secular tides of our time also are moving toward unity. A radio impulse does not take out a visa before crossing a boundary. Great music is not national. Our political life is steadily pressing toward unification. In such a world, denominational differences become increasingly irrelevant. A global society requires a global Church.

This unity will not be achieved by a week from Thursday. The form that the coming Great Church will take is by no means clear. But sectarianism has the seeds of death, however long before its final rites are said.

This holism of contemporary Christianity, moreover, manifests itself by theological comprehensiveness. The recent assembly voted for "a basis of fellowship," which is not clearly distinguishable from a creed. The churches are feeling their way toward a theological statement which will encompass enough to encircle the broad fellowship which they are enjoying with one another.

Further, the theological effort is directed toward a wider view of experience. Originally, the ecumenical movement was under the spell of Continental theology. Karl Barth, its high priest, conceived of theology as the articulation of the New Testament revelation. He took a dim view of any attempt to ground Christian belief on the processes of nature or the faculties of the natural man, such as reason. But at the Third Assembly the most attention-challenging address was by Dr. Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago Divinity School. He inveighed against a Christianity that is little more than "a support to our weakness, companion to our loneliness, counsellor to our neuroticisms, and heavenly confirmer to our national purpose" and called for an all-encompassing vision of life that would include the facts and processes of nature as well as the truths of revelation.

Contemporary Christianity is not only groping for an all-inclusive fellowship and a more synoptic view of experience, but it is thinking of its practical task in terms of wider unities. Gone is the day when we can make distinctions between evangelism and missionary effort, and divide the latter into home and foreign missions. In an increasingly secular world, every evangelistic effort is perforce missionary. Moreover, the Third Assembly's decision to incorporate the International Missionary Council into the World Council of Churches signifies the central nature of missionary enterprise in the Church's life.

Recent developments indicate that Christianity is meant not only to save all men—as the missionary effort presupposes—but to save all that there is of them! Present-day Christianity's mission is to redeem the whole of life. The old distinction between the "individual" and the "social" Gospel is out-of-date. As one of the African delegates put it, there is no use "saving souls imprisoned in miserable bodies." When Prime Minister Nehru appeared before the assembly, he recalled that he had once visited the old League of Nations in Geneva in 1938, when the world was teetering on the thin precipice of war, and found delegates debating the control of narcotics! He added that, so far as he could observe, Christian strategy at New Delhi was anything but remote from life.

THE ASSEMBLY made forthright pronouncements on disarmament, nuclear testing, economic process, segregation, family planning, anti-Semitism, and civil liberties. A more encompassing fellowship, a wider view of experience, a more inclusive conception of mission—these are the lines along which 20th-century Christianity is moving.

A third prediction: the period just ahead will be one of consolidation rather than advance.

Delegates to New Delhi received moving letters from

their comrades over the world, saying that they were praying that a new Pentecost, a second Reformation, might emerge from their deliberations. I hope the disillusionment will not be too great, but I see little evidence of it.

No earthshaking pronouncements were issued from New Delhi; there were no signs of a Pentecostal invasion by the Holy Spirit. The ecumenical mood is too irenic, too tender of differences, too tentative in its conclusions to issue in advance.

REFORMATIONS usually do not come from church councils; they are rather the legitimization of revolutions that already have taken place. The world does not go forward down the middle path of mutual accommodation. Man progresses as a skater does, first a stroke in one direction and then a second in the opposite. Humanity proceeds by a succession of extremes. To be sure, if it gets too far off balance it suffers a skater's grief—and it falls on its face. Yet, real advance comes from brave, though often extreme, men who see life in blacks and whites, rather than in the "both-ands" of ecumenical discussion.

This does not mean that the labors of New Delhi were fruitless. Consolidation is necessary to headway. Military units must regroup before they can attack. The battening down of the hatches does not accelerate the ship's speed, but it may guarantee its survival. So the Third Assembly is not likely to result in an upsurge of religious vitality, which historically has belonged to centrifugal rather than centripetal effort.

The most important achievements at New Delhi for the future life of the Church were not the decisions taken or the pronouncements made, or anything that caught the headlines, but the quiet knitting of friendships and the silent growth in trust among the leaders of the several branches of the Church. As Dr. Martin Niemoeller, famed German leader, told the Central Committee at its close, "The greatest difference between this assembly and that at Amsterdam 14 years ago is this: At Amsterdam every church leader was on the defensive, asking 'What can I salvage out of this for my confession?' Here they were saying, 'What can my denomination give?'"

This change of stance, full of such great potential for the long future, is the by-product of growing friendship and mutual trust. But for the immediate period consolidation is more likely than crusade.

Speaking to my own denomination, I would say that *one of the greatest needs of the ecumenical movement is the Methodist genius for the practical.* The World Council of Churches is dominated by theory rather than practice. An ecumenical gathering resembles a faculty meeting more than an official board. I have sat on both. They are equally capable of folly, but the first is sometimes several paces farther from reality than the second! I listened at New Delhi, for instance, to an hour-long argument in a committee on whether religious liberty is to be derived from the creative or the redemptive side of the Godhead. On another occasion, a good part of a morning was consumed in a discussion whether the Church has an ontological existence over and above the particular individuals who compose it—a question which, in essence, the Middle Ages debated for 500 years without finding a definitive solution.

The world is moving too rapidly today for intellectual luxury of this kind. Many of the issues which trouble the ecumenical movement today—the nature of the Church, intercommunion, the conception of the ministry—will never yield a definitive conclusion through study of the New Testament or the traditions of the Church. Convincing reasons can be adduced for every major theological alternative.

Advance will wait for some soul brave enough to act, even though the intellectual returns are not in. I surmise that if John Wesley were living today and involved in the ecumenical movement, the sole question he would ask would be: "What form of church organization, of Communion, of the ministry, will most make for the advancement of the Gospel?" It is the pragmatic question, so native to our Methodist genius, and it must be raised again and again.

Bishop James Pike of the Protestant Episcopal Church observed a while ago, regarding the evangelicals vis-à-vis his own communion, "We may have the apostolic succession; they have had the apostolic success." The apostolic succession, Methodists rightly believe, must always be tested by apostolic success.

IN OUR engrossment with the ecumenical movement, however, we must not forget the units which make it up—the several communions with their components and, not least of all, the local parish churches. Christian leadership for our time must possess bifocal vision, the far-off view of the ideal goal together with the more myopic focus on the practical steps essential to attain it. To change the figure, we cannot build the ecumenical tower from the top, but only from the earthly brick of local churches and individual men and women.

The plain truth is that these parochial communities which form the base of the movement toward unity are not spiritually prepared for the task. How can we love the brother in the ecumenical movement whom we have not seen, when we do not love the brother in our own parish? What is the use of talking about Dr. Eugene Carson Blake's proposal to unite the Methodist denomination with Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and the United Church of Christ when we find it so hard even to join two Methodist congregations that ought to be together? The larger issues of ecumenicity come down to the amount and quality of Christian grace present in individual souls and local congregations.

One of the stories making the rounds at New Delhi concerned a telephone call supposedly received at the home of Yuri Gagarin, the Russian cosmonaut. Was Mr. Gargarin there? the caller asked. "No, he is in outer space and will be back in two hours." Well, was Mrs. Gargarin there? he inquired. "No, she has gone to market and will be back tomorrow!"

It is not always the distant problems that are the most bothersome, or the most urgent!

In the simplicity of nature he found meaning for his life.

Esau the Hunter

By J. FRANK DOBIE
Noted writer and Texas folklorist

FOR GENERATIONS stretching back to the horizon of chronicled time, the hairy one called Esau has been held up as a sermon against improvidence, thriftlessness, surrender to appetite, and foolish evaluation of the offerings that life makes.

Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the woods and field. He could read sign; he knew all the shepherd lore about weeds, snails, and stars. Walls cramped him; cushions smothered him; the smallness of small people wilted him. Only out in the open could he expand. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

His twin brother Jacob was cunning too—cunning in getting and holding. He never went hunting, but dwelt in tents, where he kept tally on every lamb added to the estate and on every ephah of wheat advanced to a servant. His old father Isaac loved Esau, saw in him the vanished strength and freedom of his own youth, delighted in the wild taste of the venison he brought home. The mother of the boys loved Jacob and took pride in the way he saved, hoarded pieces of string, and spied on the hirelings. Jacob would someday sit in the seats of the mighty, and God would listen for his advice—given in the form of humble prayer, of course—on how to run the country.

One winter morning, long before daylight, Esau went out to hunt. He was making for a hollow on the other side of the last line of hills. He did not need sun or stars or wind to course by; something inside him was as true as a compass. He did not see the sun that morning. A bitter wind driving rain blew up against him at dawn. He knew it would send the deer into coverts, but he kept on going. He crawled through mud, slid on rocks, crept through brush. Water dripped from his eyebrows. By the time he turned homeward his feet were leaded and his soaked clothes weighed like a heavy drag.

At night when he came in, empty handed, he was trembling with cold and hunger. Nothing makes a man so hollow as walking all day, sodden and chilled to the marrow, in biting wind and rain. As he dragged into the warm, lighted tent, he smelled the stew that Jacob had been comfortably and calculatingly seething. He was so faint that he reeled. Every fiber in his being called out for the steaming nourishment, as cracked soil yearns for moisture. He was a part of the good earth.

And Esau said to Jacob, "Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage . . . I am faint."

And Jacob said, "Convey to me thy birthright, and I will give you to eat."

And Esau said, "Behold I am at the point to die. What profit shall my birthright do to me unless I eat?"

And Jacob said, "Swear to me this day."

And Esau sware away his birthright for something to eat.

Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way.

The years passed and Jacob, going his way, gained property and power. He cheated his father-in-law, schemed to circumvent nature, and became the model for all graspers after unearned increments that the world has since rewarded. He became the upholder of all respectabilities and was the main pillar of society. He advanced the orthodoxy of all royalists of all times: *Keep on top by keeping others down.*

When he gave a gift it was to win a favor. When in the stillness of the evening he heard the chirp of crickets, he wondered if the shepherds of his far-spread flocks were listening against wolves. When he gave a farthing to a blind singer of ballads, he silently accused him of shiftlessness. The ballad bore no meaning for him.

And the way that Esau went was still the way of the hunter, over the hills and far away, the sun and the rain

READER'S CHOICE

J. Frank Dobie, author of this month's *Reader's Choice* selection, is a Methodist perhaps best known as a collector and teller of Texas lore and folktales. His *Esau the Hunter*, however, is based on the biblical story beginning at Genesis 25:23. Reprinted here by permismission, it first appeared as the prologue in his book, *The Ben Lilly Legend*, published by Little, Brown & Company. Copyright, 1950, by J. Frank Dobie.

". . . the hairy one called Esau . . . was a cunning hunter, a man of the woods . . . His twin brother Jacob was cunning too—cunning in getting and holding."

on his face, free from the bondages of property, free from the gnawing lust to possess everything he saw and to outsmart all his fellow men. He did not consider himself wise enough to give God much advice. Yet he was no shiftless rabbit hunter of Rip Van Winkle irresponsibility, with an outcast cur for his only respecter.

Despite Jacob's craftiness and his own appetite, Esau had tents, family, and flocks. He owned things, but things did not own him. On warm spring days he could lie on the grass and listen to it grow and receive a joy beyond that of watching his own sheep fatten on it or of wanting, like Nebuchadnezzar, to eat it himself. When the wind blew fresh, he could sniff it and gladden within himself at how the old does were sniffing it too and working their ears and nostrils. He could stretch out for hours on the ground, his back to a log, watching over a valley, the light clouds drifting one way, the cawing ravens flying another, and, thus lingering, feel something sweet and clarifying to his soul, a kind of liberation, seep into him. He gazed into spring dawnings to hear the lark's faltering notes come dropping down. In his heart he thanked every ballad singer that he heard.

Jacob said he was childish; Rachel said he was childlike; his nephew Joseph and other boys thought him a hero. He presaged another treader of the open lands who afterwards liked to lie down in green pastures and wait by still waters and who sang a song: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

In time, Esau grew too wobbly in the knees to follow a trail, too weak in muscle to draw a bow, too watery in the eyes to pick out the flick of a stag's antler in the bush. Like his father Isaac before him, though, he still craved strong venison and remembered free days with the wild things. Poet Whitney Montgomery has pictured *Esau Grown Old.**

Make room for him
By the fireplace;
He is done with the hunt,
He is done with the chase.

He is done with the hills
And the torrent's thunder
And the deep, dark woods
That he loved to wander.

Let him sit in
His chair and nap,
With his hairy hands
Crossed in his lap.

And when he would
Recount old glories,
Be kind and listen
To his stories.

Despite the hate
Of God and his mother,
He has had more
Than his crafty brother.

* *Quoted by permission of author and publisher from* Hounds in the Hills, *by Whitney Montgomery, The Kaleidograph Press.*

Only a dream five years ago, 'The Fall River Plan' now sends hundreds of deserving students on to college.

$ $ $ $ $ Dollars for Scholars $ $ $ $ $

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

A GLADSTONE, Mich., youth needed only $200 to gain the opportunity he desperately wanted—a chance to become a mining engineer. He had budgeted his savings and probable earnings from part-time work for his freshman year at Michigan Tech, and was still $200 short. His father, disabled in a lumbering accident, could not help. His grades were good, but not quite good enough; the available merit scholarships were going to brighter students. He had to find the money somewhere—or say good-bye to his dream.

Thousands of young Americans are trapped in the same dilemma. A college education, more than ever, is the key to a good job, a rewarding career, a richer life. Yet for them, it is financially out of the question. Costs of higher education are soaring, low-income families cannot afford to put them through college. They cannot earn enough to pay their own way. They are conscientious, hard-working students, high in their class, but not high enough. Fortunately, help is now reaching out to these hard-working students—as it did to the Michigan student—through the swiftly spreading Citizens' Scholarship Foundation of America.

This remarkable movement, only 4 years old, but with organized chapters in some 100 cities and towns, last June awarded nearly 400 scholarships with a total cash value of more than $100,000 to deserving hometown youngsters who, without them, would never go beyond high school. In Gladstone (population 5,267), the local CSF chapter awarded 8 scholarships valued at $2,400. In Newport News, Va., CSF volunteers in their first year of campaigning raised over $800 and awarded seven scholarships. Metropolitan Fall River, Mass., where the movement began, raised $21,000 and awarded 86 scholarships.

And it picks up momentum every month. Latest chapters announced by national CSF officials: Cocoa, Fla., Cottonwood, Ariz., Hebron, Nebr., International Falls, Minn., Downey, Calif. Educators, who see in the movement a long-deferred financial break for the good B student, watch its growth approvingly. Says Secretary Abraham Ribicoff of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

"This voluntary project has opened many doors. It would be a splendid thing for America if it should capture the imagination of the entire nation, and be adopted from coast to coast." *

The CSF movement, ironically, was born out of a school-board-election defeat in Fall River, late in 1957. The losing candidate was 36-year-old Dr. Irving A. Fradkin, a Fall River optometrist. Dr. Fradkin was one of seven children of a Chelsea, Mass., baker. By working nights and weekends, he had been able to pay his way through Massachusetts College of Optometry. But in Fall River, where he practiced, he saw hundreds of youngsters who could never earn enough to go to college.

The community, once a great textile manufacturing center, was struggling for survival. Many of its mills were closed. Jobs were scarce. Wages were low. Some of these students were working while still in high school—not to earn money for college but to help their parents buy food and pay the rent. Deeply concerned by their plight, Dr. Fradkin ran for election on the promise that, if victorious, he would find financial aid for Fall River high-school students who wanted to go to college.

A few days after his defeat, Dr. Fradkin met a high-school student on the street. The boy, whose ambition was to be a doctor, had been hoping for Dr. Fradkin's victory and scholarship help. "I'm sorry about you, Dr. Fradkin," the boy said, "but I'm sorrier about us—the students who need help. You lost an election. We lost a college education."

The boy's words haunted Dr. Fradkin. Suddenly the election no longer seemed important. He still had to find a way to help. Whenever he saw a crowd—in the movies, on the street, doing their Christmas

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* *For descriptive brochure and information on how to start a chapter in your community, send $1 for printing and mailing charges to Citizens' Scholarship Foundation of America, Box 862, Fall River, Mass.*—EDITORS.

shopping that year—he thought:

"If each one of these people would give only $1—two little pennies a week—there would be enough for scholarships."

He devised a plan—now known as *The Fall River Plan*—for the first Citizen's Scholarship Foundation. Arguing, pleading, cajoling, he swept aside community inertia and skepticism, and convinced Fall River business and professional leaders that it would work.

They named Dr. Fradkin president, made the school superintendent chairman of the board, and elected four prominent bankers to the finance committee. To the all-important awards committee, they appointed another banker, a lawyer, a real-estate broker, an optometrist (Dr. Fradkin), a guidance counselor, and a doctor. Business houses, institutions, and public-spirited citizens volunteered help.

The drive for funds opened in February, 1958, and rocked the town as it had not been rocked since the Lizzie Borden murder case in the 1890s. The mayor, John M. Arruda, proclaimed a Scholarship Week. Students in caps and gowns swarmed through the streets selling $1 memberships in the foundation. Housewives peddled memberships to neighbors. Contributions poured in from Catholic and Protestant church groups, from Jewish temples, from the Portuguese-American workingmen's club and the Franco-American civic organization, from day and night shifts in needle shops and mills, from service clubs and schools, policemen, firemen, and letter carriers, veteran's organizations and union locals, an all-night diner, and one of the city's Chinese restaurants.

Like most communities, Fall River had its established scholarship funds supported by university and college clubs, alumni associations, and other social and civic groups. But many of these dollars were rolling in from people who never went to college, people who until now had had no interest in contributing to scholarships. One, a truck driver, spotted Dr. Fradkin on the street. He stopped his truck, leaped from the cab, and shoved some money at the optometrist. "Thanks, Doc," he grinned. "It's great to be able to put a kid through school." He jumped back in his truck, waved, and roared away.

When the drive ended, the people of Fall River had given nearly $4,500 in pennies, dimes, quarters and dollars to the Citizens' Scholarship Foundation—by no means a huge sum, but a heartwarming start. The awards committee went to work. It accepted applications from any high-school senior in any high school in Greater Fall River, scholastically in the top half of the class. It coded applications by number; no one would know the identity of winners until judging was final. The committee then graded applications on a point system reflecting scholastic ability, financial need, and leadership qualities. It voted to ask the winners to refund the amount of their scholarships—when and if possible, and without interest charges—to help future students through college.

That June, at a public CSF Awards Night program in the packed auditorium of B.M.C. Durfee High School, CSF officials presented scholarships to 24 high-school seniors. "The best part," a guidance counselor told me, "was that these wonderful kids were salvaged. Instead of drifting off to mills and shops, they went to college."

In 1959, Fall River's CSF drive netted $13,000, enough to renew the previous year's scholarships and grant 24 new ones. In 1960, the city boosted contributions to $18,000. Including the record grants of 1961, Dr. Fradkin's grass roots idea has resulted in 225 scholarships for Fall River youngsters. Their cash value: $56,500.

Meanwhile, word of the Fall River Plan spread. Letters asking information poured into Dr. Fradkin's modest office. They came by the hundreds each week, from communities in every state. A dozen New England cities and towns organized their own CSF chapters. Late in 1960, they voted to unite in the Citizens' Scholarship Foundation of America, to assist in the formation of new chapters across the nation. Dr. Fradkin was elected president. Humorist Sam Levenson, a former high-school teacher, was named honorary president, and Mrs. Lynn J. Cooper, Fall River housewife, was chosen secretary, CSF's only paid official. Her

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

"Doctor," said a parishioner to his minister, "every Monday morning I see the ministers hereabout gathering at your house. What do you do with them?"

"To tell you the truth," said the minister, "we exchange sermons."

"Well, don't do it," advised the parishioner. "You get stuck every time."

—EVELYN ELAM, *Wichita Falls, Tex.*

•

One day I told my church-school first-graders the story of the Good Samaritan. When I mentioned the priest who wouldn't stop to help the robbed and beaten man, one indignant little boy piped up, "If I was God, I'd fire that man!"

—GLADYS BRYAN, *Lockhart, S.C.*

•

Our junior department's church-school lesson that day was from the text, "Thou shalt worship God with clean hands and a pure heart." As I questioned each pupil about the meaning of this verse, one boy said, "I guess it means so we won't get the Bibles and songbooks dirty."

—MRS. S. B. LARISON, *Trenton, N.J.*

•

A busy bank executive, accustomed to saying grace before meals, had a particularly hectic day of answering phone calls at his office and arrived home a bit more weary and wan than usual. When he sat down at the dinner table, he sighed, lowered his head, and said, simply, "Hello!"

—MRS. N. B. BENSON, *New Freedom, Pa.*

•

A joke is like a back-scratcher—it tickles the ribs. If you have any good church-related rib-ticklers, why not send them to TOGETHER? *You'll receive $5 for each one used. Sorry, none can be returned.*—EDS.

desk, typewriter, filing cabinets, and office space and equipment are contributed without charge by Philip Goltz, a Fall River attorney.

Given a free-spending student, and tuition and living expenses at a high-priced college, the amounts awarded in CSF scholarships—$125, $200 and even $350—would not last a month. But these youngsters are fighting for education. They cut every corner. Their precious tuition dollars go to state colleges and universities, local nursing schools and small, hometown, technical institutes. They find summer jobs to help out at home; but from their earnings, they scrimp for textbooks, bus fares, and lunches. At college, they wait on tables, baby-sit, wash cars. They study hard; if their marks are good enough, they may get scholarship help or loans from other sources. By determination, work, and eking out their resources, they turn these modest sums into four priceless years of higher education.

One Durfee High School senior's ambition was to be a chemical engineer. His father was a hospitalized veteran, his mother a part-time garment-factory worker earning less than $2,000 a year. The boy's talent as an accordionist helped make ends meet; he added about $700 a year to the family income by playing in high-school dance bands and giving lessons. His teachers described him as "definitely college timber." But it was the old story: he could not afford it, and he did not have the top-10 grades that might win him a merit scholarship. He applied for CSF aid. "Without your help," he wrote the awards committee, "I'll never make it." The committee studied his record, his needs and potential, and awarded him a $600 scholarship, a guarantee of $150 a year for four years.

Today, the boy is a freshman at Fall River's up-and-coming Bradford Durfee College of Technology. He lives at home, walks to classes. He and the awards committee set up an annual budget: Tuition, $200; books and materials, $150; laboratory fees, lunches, clothing, $300; total, $650. After he received his CSF award, a Fall River service club voted to help out with another $100 for his freshman year. The remaining $400? "I am earning it with my accordion," he told me.

The awards committee sees aid of $150 a year in another light. The university estimates a college student, working part time, can average $1 an hour. Thus, $150 represents 150 hours of extracurricular work during the school year, or about four hours a week. Says Committee Chairman Lloyd Dixon: "If he's already putting in full time on his studies, and working to pay his tuition and possibly to help out at home, this added four hours could be the straw that breaks his spirit. Our $150 makes him a present of these four hours. It may remove just enough of a burden, may lift his morale just enough, so that he comes through with flying colors."

CSF scholarships frequently inspire students and their families to challenge apparently hopeless odds. One Fall River boy brought up by his grandparents wanted to be a landscape architect. But his grandfather was a low-salaried municipal employee; his grandmother ran a remnant shop; college seemed financially impossible. A friend persuaded him to apply for CSF help. To his amazement, he was awarded $250 a year for four years. "It changed our whole attitude," he says. "If these people had this much confidence in me, my family and I felt we ought to have enough to scrape together the rest of the money. My grandparents took on extra work. A married sister got a bank loan to help out. I worked summers and vacations as a gardener, and did part-time work at college." Today, he is at the University of Massachusetts. He will graduate next year as a full-fledged landscape architect.

"The combinations of achievement are endless," a high-school principal told me. "Take one CSF winner last year. His name was Johnnie. A nice, quiet boy. Oldest of three children. His father was a mill worker. Johnnie always wanted to be a teacher. Ordinarily, he couldn't have gone on after high school; he'd have to work. Then he got a CSF scholarship. Today, he's in State College at Bridgewater, Mass. Without the scholarship he'd be around town here somewhere, working in a filling station. Take another senior last year —one of our top students. Her father was dead. She and her mother got by on a small pension. All she had was willingness to work, intelligence —and the desire to devote her life to helping others as a psychologist. She won a PTA scholarship and a high-school alumnae award. She was so exceptional that the CSF granted her a scholarship, also—$200 a year for four years. This, by itself, might seem trifling. But put it with the other awards, add earnings from part-time jobs at school, and it's paying her way through one of the best women's colleges in the East."

Even though they do not have to, early recipients are already repaying their awards. These repayments will finance new scholarships. The Fall River awards committee is particularly proud of one 1958 winner, the attractive, 21-year-old daughter of a textile worker. She was awarded $400 against the cost of a two-year secretarial course in nearby Providence, R.I. Because of her outstanding business college record, a Fall River bank offered her a responsible job, at good salary, at the end of her first year. She accepted, and turned back her unused $200 to the committee. She has paid back the other $200 with crisp, new $100 bills that she received from the bank as Christmas bonuses. "These," she told Chairman Dixon, "are to help you give others the same chance you gave me." Some of her income goes into savings; some goes to her parents, with whom she lives. The rest helps pay her younger brother's way through Brown University.

The prospects of the Fall River Plan look bright indeed. National CSF officials believe that next June more than 100 chapters in 30 states will be awarding 1,500 scholarships with cash value of $750,000. "The appeal of the concept," says Dr. Fradkin, "lies in its simplicity. The many give a little—so a lot of deserving American boys and girls can get a college education."

But there is more to it than scholarships. "In the long run," says Dr. Fradkin, "it's the communities themselves that stand to gain the most. Year after year, they will be enriched by the return of the young men and women they've helped through college. This is our mission —to build a better community, a better America, through education."

WE TAKE TOO MANY PILLS

By CARL E. WILLGOOSE
Associate Professor of Physical Education
Boston University

A PHONE buzzed in an 18th-floor Manhattan office and a young executive answered impatiently. He listened, replied tersely, and, hands trembling, hung up. A few seconds later he was dead—a suicide who jumped from his office window.

Why? Well, that phone call had brought word that a project on which he had been working for several months had collapsed. For Joe Jones, the bottom had fallen out; there was nothing left to live for.

Yet out on Long Island, about an hour's ride from the office, were Joe's wife and three children, happy and unsuspecting. The reaction of Joe's neighbors was: "He must have been working too hard."

Indeed, Joe had been working too hard—like thousands of other overly ambitious people, plugging along in the face of obstacles, in poor spirits and health, lacking an apparent sense of values. When what seemed to be disaster struck, Joe had nowhere to turn. Worse, until then he didn't even realize his lack.

Like too many others, Joe Jones had failed to reckon with the truth that man's well-being is bound up in three realms—physiological, psychological, and spiritual. Reduced to simplest terms, man functions as a complete unit, yet his survival depends on a physical-mental-spiritual balance. However, as society grows more demanding, not everyone adjusts to the increasing pressures.

Our lives are packed with situations which generate fear, anxiety, worry, jealousy, anger. Resulting tensions refuse to stay bottled. They make their presence known in headaches, indigestion, restlessness, sleeplessness, irritability, and fatigue.

In a single recent year, 17 billion pills and countless gallons of patent medicines were swallowed, many for imaginary illnesses. Latest studies indicate almost 50 per cent of those seeking medical attention are suffering from ailments brought about or worsened by emotional factors.

Ours is an age of pill takers, TV addicts, neurotics, faddists, quacks—all afflicted with superstitions, gullibility, and misconceptions.

Currently, the "worthy use of leisure time" is being trumpeted as an avenue leading to balanced living, with the result that new millions are bowling, skiing, swimming, camping, reading, and playing everything from chess to golf. But merely playing a game or going fishing is not enough. Only a changed attitude will relieve psychological stress and result in real relaxation. True recreation is physical, mental, even spiritual. It's rejuvenation at its best.

When a man plays a good game of golf, his attitude should be one of ease. If he fights for perfection, his efforts will not produce the peace of mind he seeks. Instead, they will only result in more cholesterol for coronary disease, increased secretions for gastric ulcers, higher blood pressure for cerebral hemorrhage, and frustrations leading perhaps to a mental institution.

Leisure must be handled carefully. It must remove man from the hurry and pressures of fast-moving civilization and into a state of peacefulness, where he has a chance to find himself and realize a proper sense of values.

Man needs balance. He needs to escape from himself, to lose himself in something bigger. Man needs God.

Christianity is an effective antidote for poor health. Spiritual activity is one of the most satisfying leisure-time pursuits and one which best enables a man to find himself. Man's spiritual efforts—his meditations and prayers—are every bit as medicinal as penicillin. It's as the eminent Canadian physician, Hans Seyle, once said: hope is therapeutic.

Fortunate indeed, is the man who can pause long enough to sing the words of the 121st Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Actively believing in God and taking time to aspire to new Christian heights—"to travel hopefully," as Robert Louis Stevenson put it—is a powerful medicine for the flesh. With the Christian spirit, man truly travels hopefully. He lives with a peace and outlook on life that "passeth all understanding," for it heals tissue and reduces physical and mental disease. It is as simple as that.

The New Look in

DISCIPLINE

By CONSTANCE FOSTER

A Together in the Home Feature

Someone asked Ann a question and diverted her attention; she tipped the bowl and spilled the tomatoes . . . Her wise mother did not scold her.

FIFTY YEARS ago, the commandments for child rearing were "children should be seen and not heard" and "spare the rod and spoil the child." Then the pendulum swung the other way: one was likely to hear furrow-browed young parents observe that "Junior needs a good spanking, but we don't want to repress him."

Today, at last, we're coming to a middle ground between these two extremes. The good parent no longer says "no"—or "yes"—to *everything* a child wants. He says "yes" *or* "no" depending on the child's age, what is best for all concerned, and how much can reasonably be expected of him at his present stage of development.

We need to take a good look at two important words—"love" and "discipline." Overpermissiveness has mistakenly taken them for opposites; a wise parent realizes that they often are synonymous. If you truly love your child you will discipline him. The only thing that grows in a garden without any pruning or cultivating is weeds!

But discipline does not necessarily mean punishment. "Discipline" comes from an old Latin word that means to teach or instruct. And surely our children need to be taught many things because they are ignorant of the best ways to adjust to a difficult world. They need to learn how to stand on their own feet, how to give and take, to assume responsibility, to be creative, loving, loyal, and free.

Good discipline teaches your child these things as he is ready to learn them, but not before. It is futile to expect your two-year-old to share his toys generously or not help himself to other children's things. He just isn't old enough to grasp the significance of mine and thine! He still feels that everything is his. Don't punish him for "selfishness." All two-year-olds are "selfish."

You can, however, start steering him in the right direction by playing at taking turns with him so that he begins to get the idea of other people's rights. One mother did this with a bath-time game. She'd hold out her hand for the soap and when her little girl handed it to her she'd say, "Now it's Mommie's." Using it briefly, she'd give it back and say, "Now it's Betty's." Soon her child got the idea and was more willing to give her playmates a turn at her games.

"Love," too, is a misunderstood word. Just as discipline is not synonymous with punishment, so love does not mean always letting your child have his own way. Only immature parents feel that they dare not risk their child's disapproval by crossing him. True love often has to say a firm "no" when a child wants something harmful.

Children actually welcome the loving control that prevents them from going overboard or being overcome by their own violent impulses. It frightens them to feel at the mercy of rages and frustrations they cannot handle. They are grateful to the parent who brings them to their senses with a firm refusal to permit such behavior. They interpret such control as love, which indeed it is.

The important thing is to keep discipline constructive so that it helps your child to learn. Spanking, nagging, and lecturing are more likely to do harm than good.

There is a sounder method. It's harder for parents—but it works. It is harder because it involves taking into account what your child is capable of and how much can be expected of him. It furthers demands that you use your imagination to think up new solutions suitable for your own problems.

With two quarreling brothers, this method might lead wise parents to separate the boys when they begin teasing each other. Send them to separate rooms, let one nap while the other plays, or arrange for them to eat at different times or places. They will soon learn the advantages of friendly co-operation, and develop an appreciation of each other's companionship. Of course, the age of the children should be taken into account, but this plan is particularly effective in heading off trouble between small fry before it begins. Expecting brothers and sisters always to get along together is unrealistic, but wise parents can nip many quarrels and childish feuds in the bud.

Most problems come from not knowing what to expect of a child at his present level of development. Parents tend to demand more than the child can deliver. But some parents fortunately are more understanding. Like nine-year-old Ann's.

Recently, when her mother had company, Ann was asked to help serve dinner. She was proud to be considered mature enough to carry in a bowl of sliced tomatoes. But someone asked her a question and diverted her attention; she tipped the bowl and spilled the tomatoes on the tablecloth. Luckily, her wise mother did not scold her.

"You did the best you could," Ann's mother assured her. "We'll just lay a napkin over the stain and forget about it. It will all come out in the wash."

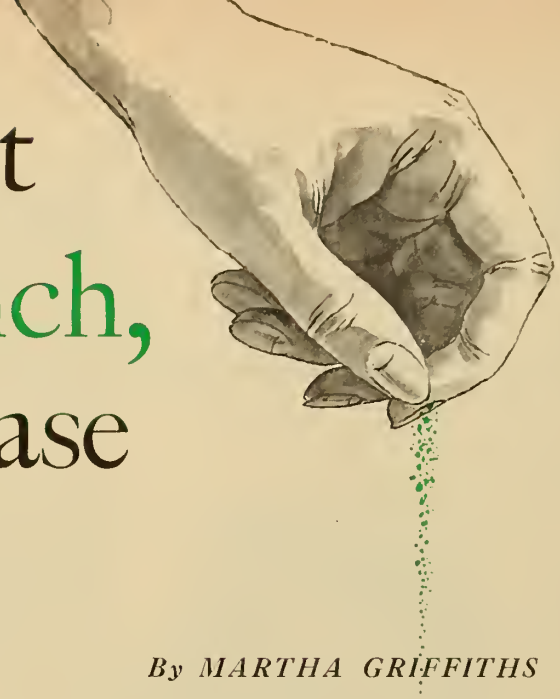
Ann's mother did not scold. She realized that the accident had taught the girl a valuable lesson. Next time Ann will be more careful. By taking her present stage of growth into account, this mother managed not to give Ann any sense of inadequacy.

But what about a child who is deliberately disobedient or is generally destructive? There is always a reason and it will pay you to investigate before you punish. Perhaps you have been trying to force your child into becoming an image of yourself, either as you are or would like to be. Children have a healthy way of resisting such distortion of their own personalities, but this resistance frequently causes behavior that parents find objectionable.

Sometimes a child's destructiveness means that you have imposed too many restrictions or are expecting too much. In that case he needs fewer regulations. Is he sufficiently sure he is loved, needed, important? Or does he feel constantly frustrated by his own inability to measure up to your standards of perfection? In that event it will pay to lower your sights until he catches up.

It helps to praise a child for his good points rather than condemn for his failings. Give him a good reputation for something and he will work hard to deserve it. Encourage your child to feel that he is *not untidy* or selfish, is *not* a bully, is *not* unkind or irresponsible. You'll be surprised at how quickly he will attempt to become all the good things you say about him! One little boy I know had to be in the hospital for painful treatment. He surprised the doctors by his courage. When they commented on it he told them, "My

Just a Pinch, Please



By MARTHA GRIFFITHS

THE QUICK movements of my mother's fingers seemed almost like sleight of hand as she dipped into the stoneware crock of salt on her stove, then dropped "just a pinch" of seasoning into a bubbling pot. That pinch of salt went into practically everything she cooked. And everything she cooked seemed to taste just right.

She believed in "just a pinch" in other ways, too. In her garden, there were neat rows of carrots, red beets, and string beans; small square patches of leaf lettuce and radishes; long rows of tall sweet corn and pole beans, and tomatoes tied to stakes with scraps of cloth.

Then there would be the unexpected pinch: a row of zinnias marching saucily between the useful vegetables.

There were intermittent periods in our growing-up years when merely providing the necessities was quite a challenge. It was during such lean times that "just a pinch" proved its flavorsome worth. An occasional luxury, masterfully placed, somehow managed to put seasoning into those days—to make them not only palatable but memorably tasty. A very special red-silk dress was once my pinch of luxury.

Today, my mother's lesson of "just a pinch" is begging to be taught. Try offering a child his choice of an ice-cream cone or a large dish of ice cream spooned from a quart container. Which does he choose? Not the quantity, but the zesty specialty of a cone to lick.

Observe a child who has everything he desires. He drifts aimlessly from toy to game, from may-I-go-to-the-movies to may-I-go-to-Susie's—anything rather than staying home. He hasn't learned the lesson of seasoning life because his parents have overwhelmed his dish with cupfuls of spice. The meat of his existence—home, school, church, play with friends, quiet times for just reading or thinking—has been drowned by the sauce.

And this is true not only of children. My husband, for example, has coined a description for the household repairs that I list for him occasionally. "Honeydew jobs" he calls them—"Honey, do this. Honey, do that."

"I just asked for a drink of water," he once said. "I didn't expect to have you turn the hose in my face!"

It is the drink of water that children need, too. It is a pinch of something good, not a saturation.

Does a youngster need piano lessons *and* dancing lessons, Scouting *and* Little League, a youth group *and* the 4-H? Do the older ones need dances after every school athletic event, and more and more parties planned by ambitious mothers? Make up your own list. It isn't difficult in any community.

Most activities of the average child are very worthwhile. Why not make them extra worthwhile by limiting them to a well-chosen few? Let television, for instance, be a sugarplum, not a soporific.

Let a child be a child. Give him his childhood flavored with "just a pinch" of something special to dream on, to delight in. Give him unhurried contentment in everyday living—with a drink of water for refreshment.

mother says I'm brave and I can't let her down!"

No two children can be disciplined alike. What works well for one may not be effective with another. Nor does the same method work equally well at all times with the same child. But here are a few general principles to follow:

1. *Be consistent.* Don't permit something today that you will punish for tomorrow. It confuses children when they do not know what to expect of you. This doesn't mean you can't change your mind when you see your child is mature enough to be permitted greater liberties.

2. *Use creative discipline.* Since discipline is really teaching, you should rely less on rewards and punishments and more on creative, original solutions to problems. Enlist the child's interests. One mother, for example, had trouble getting her little dawdler to finish anything on time. Instead of scolding and nagging, she set the clock on the kitchen stove to ring as a signal. Her competitive youngster loved racing the clock so he could finish whatever he was doing before it rang!

3. *Be a good home engineer.* This means a willingness to be flexible and to rearrange your time and belongings so that much of the behavior that troubles you just doesn't happen. Put away valuable possessions so children aren't tempted to handle them. Or take time to be with your child while he examines them.

Above all, remember that maturity is the real goal of discipline. Exercise patience, love, and wisdom while waiting for your child to attain it. Good discipline is simply the wise guidance that helps a young person develop into a responsible, confident individual capable of handling his own temperament and getting along with others.

Good Christian parents in particular will have gentle, patient ways with their children, remembering that they themselves have quite as much to learn from them as children have to learn from grownups. Jesus apparently felt that it was more important for adults to become like little children than for the young to grow up into many of the rigid, intolerant ways of their elders. As Christians, we cannot afford to forget the values he placed on being like a little child.

As a living monument to the Wesleys, the restored rectory welcomes thousands each year.

Old Epworth Rectory

A 'must' for the Methodist pilgrim in England

IF WORLD METHODISM has a Mecca, it is the little town of Epworth in northeast England. Here thousands of pilgrims each year visit the old house where the Rev. Samuel Wesley and his talented and beautiful wife, Susanna, reared their remarkable brood of children—10 who survived infancy, of the 19 born to them.

Approaching Epworth, the blacktop road from London, some 160 miles south, winds between meadows and by shining ribbons of water. The town remains somewhat isolated, even after 250 years, on drained low country that hangs tremulously between sea and sky. At twilight, when the moon comes to peer over misty bogs, it is as it was when John, founder of Methodism, and Charles, the songwriter, were boys here. The town's population of 2,000 is about the same, as are the old windmills, built long ago by Dutch engineers who drained the land.

Epworth Rectory, recently restored to what it was in the early 1700s, is more than a Methodist shrine, more than just another brick relic of Queen Anne's day. Under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Le Cato Edwards, retired missionaries, it has become an ongoing, vital projection of the early Methodist movement. Now pilgrims and youth groups may stay overnight in rooms mellowed by more than two centuries of cherished memories.

Back home again: A priceless sideboard, sold by Susanna Wesley after her husband's death in 1735, has been returned to its place in Old Epworth Rectory.

Two and a Half Centuries Have Halted Here...

IT IS HARD to believe today that 10 years ago the rectory, unrestored, was on its way toward becoming a crumbling ruin. But since English Methodists bought it from the Church of England in 1955, the home of the Wesleys has become a masterpiece of historical detail, from furniture to paintings and garden walls. Outside, much of the 18th-century brickwork remains; inside, on floors under which are charred timbers from the thatched rectory that burned in 1709, are many pieces of furniture the Wesley family used. And one of the building's main attic beams is part of a ship's keel known to have been there when John and Charles sat at Susanna's knee.

Young retreatants seek spiritual guidance beside a fireplace where the devout Wesley family once prayed.

Susanna, the mother, was one history's most remarka women, and the rectory even is warm with her presen

Painting by Frank O. Salisbury on display in the World Methodist Building, Lake Junaluska, N.C.

'As a Brand From the Burning...'

IT IS BELIEVED that arsonists came out of the night to set the fire which destroyed the three-story thatched rectory in 1709. Little Jackie Wesley was trapped in a bedroom on the second floor. As flames engulfed the building, the boy had the presence of mind to pull a chest to the window. At the last moment, as the parents prayed for his life (see painting, right) stalwart villagers formed a human ladder to pull him to safety.

The importance of this event in the history of Methodism goes far beyond the loss of the building and the drama and excitement of that night. What matters was the reaction of the mother who saw her son plucked "as a brand from the burning." Attentive and dedicated as she was to all her children, Susanna Wesley can hardly be blamed for devoting more time to Jackie. For she believed his life had been saved by divine intervention, and resolved to do all within her power to forward God's great purpose for him on earth. Perhaps for this reason, in history's eye, John is the most remarkable of that remarkable family that once lived in the rectory at Epworth.

This oil painting (right) shows Jackie Wesley's narrow escape from the rectory fire at age five. It is one of two originals by H. P. Parker.

One of the Parker paintings (below) hangs over the rectory's staircase; the other is in missionary headquarters, London.

ACE EPWORTH LINCOLNSHIRE FEB 9TH 1709 — H.P PARKER Born 1795 Died 1875 — Engraved by S W REYNOLDS

At a coffee break on the patio, young retreatants are guests of the genial rectory "warden," the Rev. Le Cato Edwards (far right) and his wife (center), former missionaries.

While a fun-loving guest plays "Old Jeffrey," the rectory ghost, another prepares for sleep in a genuine 18th-century "stump" bed.

The Door Is Open...

THE "WARDEN" (director) of Epworth Rectory, the Rev. Le Cato Edwards, is a friendly man who enjoys having visitors; his wife is equally hospitable and makes certain that meals and beds are ready for guests. Mr. Edwards now serves the Epworth and Crowle Circuit and makes the rectory his parsonage. Before assuming his duties in 1957 as Epworth host, he announced: "We feel that if it [the rectory] is to be a worthy monument to the Wesleys it ought to be alive, and that no better use could be made of it than to make it a center for retreats and conferences of all kinds.... It is vital that it should be linked up with the life of the local church."

It is strange reading for moderns, but records of the day—even some of John Wesley's writings—seem to accept the existence in the rectory of a friendly ghost, familiarly called Old Jeffrey by the Wesley children. Of late there have been no mysterious knockings and thumpings in the attic room like those frequently heard by the Wesleys. Just the same, Mr. Edwards reports, there have been a few recent, minor, unexplained incidents around the rectory that make it possible to keep Old Jeffrey alive in name, if not in spirit.

Old Jeffrey notwithstanding, the restored rectory—a spic-and-span treasure-house of Wesleyana—is very much alive with visits by various fellowships, guilds, youth groups, tourists, and historical societies. It often serves as the ideal retreat for those who seek spiritual renewal and historical perspective within its 18 friendly rooms.

Samuel Wesley, the father—Anglican minister, poet, and scholar—once was imprisoned as a debtor, perhaps partly due to efforts of his political enemies.

An 18th-century artist's conception of John preaching from his father's grave when he was denied the pulpit in St. Andrews, the parish Samuel Wesley served for 39 years.

In a quiet corner of the parish churchyard, a tourist photographs the slab where John Wesley preached in protest.

The earth has taken many a turn since the Wesley boys looked out the rectory's second-story window at this scene in the old Isle of Axholme, a rustic area somewhat isolated by swamps and rivers. Even today, Epworth is off the beaten tourist routes—except for thousands of Methodist pilgrims.

The boy Jackie: With the formative rectory years behind him, he will now go away to school...

To God the Glory...

WHEN THE church bells ring out on Sunday morning over the quiet, old-world charm of Epworth, they are heard again in the Red Lion Inn where John Wesley sometimes stayed on his visits back home. Worshipers pass the steps of the old market cross where he preached; not far away is the post office. A prominent landmark is St. Andrews (Anglican) Church where Samuel Wesley, the father, was rector for many years and is buried beside the old building which goes back to the 12th century.

On High Street is Wesley Memorial Church, a beautiful structure built by world Methodists in 1889. Opposite it is Kilham Memorial, now a youth center, opened in 1860 in memory of an early Methodist here.

But Epworth's center of interest still is the rectory with the Wesley motto—"To us the duty, to others the use, to God the glory"—hanging over the door. Here Susanna planted in the hearts and minds of her children the seeds of orderliness, scholarship, and piety. These were qualities John and Charles brought to their Oxford campus club whose members' methodical ways made them known as Methodists, a name now proudly borne by millions.

Love, too, abounded at the rectory. It was John—Oxford don, scholar, and clergyman — who summed up both theology and philosophy in this one sentence:

"An ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge."

...and, a long life later, would remember his old Epworth as "beloved beyond most places on earth."

Not by Works, But by Faith

By EGIL GRISLIS
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WHEN CHRISTIANITY and the world truly meet, the world is always turned upside down, which in the Christian perspective obviously means only the right side up. In a very impressive way this observation holds especially true about that portion of the Christian message which is commonly known to us as the belief in justification by faith.

There are two periods in history during which we may best observe the meaning and impact of justification by faith in action, as this belief revolutionizes the life of our Western world. The first period to consider is the Protestant Reformation of the 16th century; the second—John Wesley's life and message in the 18th century.

Even when admitting that saints and sinners were found in both camps, we nevertheless can observe a radical shift of emphasis in the devotional lives of those men and women who in the 16th century left Catholicism and became Protestants. The energy that was once spent in collecting and enshrining relics was now turned to the translation of the Bible and the proclamation of its message in the language of the people. Instead of viewing the institutionalized Church of Rome as the only mediator with Christ, the Protestant Christians worshiped God in Christ directly, and strengthened their souls by lifting up their voices in melodious hymns. The ideal of a celibate life in a monastery was replaced by a real appreciation of the Christian family as a school for character building.

The source of this profound turning did not lie in a mere and sudden change of religious taste. It was brought about by a fresh appreciation of the scriptural account of how a sinful man can find forgiveness and redemption.

Martin Luther was the first to recognize, through an agonizing personal search, that a sinful man does not automatically become righteous when he has performed some good deeds. Indeed, the very attempt to save oneself by one's own efforts is sin's greatest and most subtle stronghold of self-assertion. Under the guise of loving God, man actually loves only himself, and performs good works in order to make certain that his own eternal welfare is amply assured. In such a self-centeredness man forever fails to reach beyond himself out to God. Hence he has nothing else in which to place his hope for salvation but his own so-called good works. Yet when a man trusts in his own good works as the basis for his salvation, then, clearly, he is implicitly rejecting the redemption offered by Jesus Christ! Then in his own sinful wisdom he is discarding the truth of the scriptural proclamation that God came in Jesus Christ precisely because we are sinners and helpless to save ourselves.

The Reformers were convinced that by teaching men to collect merits the Church of Rome had both misled them away from Christ and brought inevitable despair to every seeker of merits. For when could a man be assured that he had enough merits to be saved?

Not that the Reformers wanted to discourage the doing of good works. They only desired to return to the scriptural perspective which asserted that it was in Christ that God had taken the initiative to save sinful men.

Dr. Grislis lived two years under communist rule before fleeing his native Latvia for Germany in 1944. He came to the U.S. in 1949, is now a citizen.

Hence in its essence the Christian religion does not consist in a movement from man to God, but from God to man. The hardness of man's sinful self is not changed by man's own efforts, but by the divine love and mercy which melts away the sinful schemes of human self-justification and enables man to confess that he is but a sinner.

Righteousness, then, or restoration of man's unselfish love for God, is brought about by God himself in Jesus Christ and given to the repentant sinner through faith. Hence the Reformers' insistence that man is justified by faith! This does not mean that man is saved merely by learning and believing the right teachings about God. Rather, justification by faith is the confession of every prodigal son that his Father has embraced him in undeserved, yet healing, love, and through the miracle of this embrace enabled him to trust and to confide in his Father—that is, to live in faith and be saved through it.

UNDERSTANDING justification as such a profound redirection of the human life, the Reformers taught that everyone who is truly a Christian will serve his heavenly Father in untiring gratitude and love. As good fruit comes from a good tree, so will good works proceed from the Christian life. And the motivation will not come from a selfish concern for merits, but from a pure love for God and compassion for a suffering world.

There was a great power in this message as it reached the men and women of the 16th century. Indeed, no words of special praise are here needed since the historical accomplishment of a devout and effective renewal of the life of the Church speaks for itself. But could justification by faith also speak to a society no longer bent upon collecting merits? To observe just this, we now turn to the 18th century.

By contrast with the 16th century, when interest in religion increased as some of the sincere but misguided thinking of the past was challenged, the 18th century surely stands out as a period when most people just did not very much care about religion. In that age, it has been said, to call a man "an honest, drunken fellow" was really to praise him. Depressed by poverty, the common people flocked to taverns which proudly advertised "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, free straw," only to be topped by competitors offering "clean straw." That the churches of that day were poorly attended needs hardly to be mentioned. And those who still went to church did not necessarily receive very much. A good deal of the accepted theological thinking of that day dealt with rationalistic formulations of broad philosophical concepts, drawn from the Scriptures only in as far as they did not contradict human reason. Thus a famous theologian of the day justified the activities of God by pointing out their conformity to the British constitution! And what most of the average preaching was like has been summarized by a discerning historian in three words: "dull, duller, dullest."

Yet there were also exceptions to this general rule. In particular, there was the family of the Rev. Samuel Wesley which brought forth two sons who in a very large measure changed the life of the 18th century and strongly influenced the subsequent course of history.

Without attempting to retell the life story of John Wesley, we, nevertheless, must underscore the significance of two focal periods in his early life: the leadership of the Holy Club in Oxford and the missionary activities in Georgia. Both were undertaken with great courage and stalwart perseverance in order to bring holy living into a world which largely despised it. Yet when eventually looking at this portion of his life in the perspective of the doctrine of justification by faith, John Wesley had to confess that "all this time I was but *almost a Christian*." It was not a dissolute life that he bewailed, but a life which he recognized to have been marred by ineffective virtue. And yet it was not an ultimately wasted time either, since during these years Wesley had at first hand explored and recognized the futility of salvation by works.

While in America a Moravian missionary had once questioned Charles Wesley about the grounds upon which he hoped to be saved. Charles Wesley answered that he hoped to be saved "because I have used my best endeavors to serve God." John Wesley shared the same outlook. He likewise later admitted that he "had really grounded my hope of salvation . . . upon my own works of righteousness." Both brothers were mature men, and in their sincerity they could not help but eventually recognize the frightening fact that even their best works failed to fulfill the high demands of God's holy law, even though, humanly speaking, both had actually accomplished a great deal. A sense of futility depressed them; John Wesley felt like "beating the air." He confessed in despair: "I omitted no sort of self-denial which I thought lawful; I carefully used, both in public and in private, all the means of grace at all opportunities. I omitted no occasion of doing good. . . . I knew not how to go any further." But all this seemed to lead nowhere. His faith was but an "airy shadow, which lives in the head, not in the heart." And when on one occasion he thought he was near death, he felt that his life of striving to gain salvation by performing good works had failed to give "any comfort, or any assurance of acceptance with God." "So," observed John Wesley, "I labored in the fire all my days . . . fighting continually, but not conquering."

AT this point many a weaker man would have settled for a compromise, preferring escape or excuse to the unbearable agony of the soul. But John Wesley was not an average man. He was one of those great religious heroes through whom God from time to time purifies and strengthens His Church. Such men do not seek an easy retreat; as Jacob of old, they wrestle with God till the light dawns and victory is won.

To John Wesley the great turning point came through the help of the Moravian missionary Peter Boehler, "to whom God lately directed me." Boehler's counsel deserves to be quoted: "Believe, and thou shalt be saved. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all thy heart, and nothing shall be impossible to thee. This faith, indeed, as well as the salvation it brings, is the free gift of God. But seek, and thou shalt find. Strip thyself naked of thy own works and thy own righteousness, and fly to Him. For whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no

Symbolic of the place of religion in life, University Chapel's graceful spires rise from the center of Duke University's rolling, 8,000-acre campus on the southwest edge of Durham, N.C. The Divinity School, opened in 1926, currently has 326 students.

wise cast out." Clearly, this was justification by faith. John Wesley must have understood Boehler well in order to have been able to repeat his words. And yet this was still at first only a hope, a new road now opened before him which needed to be explored before it could be really acknowledged as the way of salvation. The actual acknowledgment came on May 24, 1738, at Aldersgate during someone's reading of Luther's preface to the Epistle to Romans. "About a quarter before nine, while he [Luther] was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine,* and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

The first entry in his *Journal* on the following day is a telling one: "The moment I awaked, 'Jesus, Master,' was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon him, and my soul waiting on him continually." And so it continued through the rest of Wesley's life. In joy that knew no measure, and in love that drew no boundaries, he ceaselessly proclaimed the miracle of God's free redemption through faith in Christ our Lord.

And men who previously cared neither about good works nor faith were suddenly converted. They found in Jesus Christ the redeeming love and the power over sin which Wesley proclaimed they would find. This was not a persuasion by eloquence, nor arousal by mere emotion. It was a conversion by confrontation with the truth and hence effective and lasting.

Straightforwardly, John Wesley outlined the plight of man and the healing answer of God. Since the fall, the heart of every man is "necessarily, essentially evil." As a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, so a sinful man cannot do good works. But God does not leave us to perish in our sins. "He seeks and saves that which is lost. . . . God justifieth not the godly, but the ungodly; not those that are holy already, but the unholy." And how God accomplishes this is also very clear. The source of our salvation is the universal Atonement of Jesus Christ; the channel by which the effects of the Atonement are brought to us is our faith, and both are a merciful, undeserved gift from God to the repentant seeker. Thus faith is "a sure trust and confidence that God both hath and will forgive our sins, that he hath accepted us again into his favor, for the merits of Christ's death and passion." And through such a faith man is justified.

We know that John Wesley was very effective in his ministry. And we should not forget this fact, since it tells us not merely about the power of an idea, but also about the power of God. This is the permanent value of justification by faith. It brings together the world as it ever is, and God, as he forever remains. And when the world meets God on God's own terms, then the miracle of redemption takes place. Then men are enabled, in Wesley's words, to set their faces heavenward. And is there a sight more glorious to behold?

All 12 articles in the We Believe *series are to be published by Abingdon Press in an attractive booklet. Copies will be available for 65¢ each soon after the conclusion of the series in August. Reservations may be made now at Cokesbury Book Stores.*—Your Editors.

Light Unto My Path

MARCH 4

Let the thief no longer steal, but rather let him labor, doing honest work with his hands, so that he may be able to give to those in need.—Ephesians 4:28

RETURNING to my study one morning, I found the door broken and the contents of desk and file strewn over the floor.

The thief had come to steal from the church, but he had not found the riches the church had to offer. One of these riches is the rehabilitation of the heart which often begins with reclaiming a man's hands for the Lord.

Daniel Poling tells about a man who was trying to grow in his newly found Christian faith during a six-month term in prison. While working in the kitchen, he noticed that the coffee urn made foul coffee because it was coated with a brown crust from a thousand improper washings.

This reminded him of his own life, so he made cleaning of this urn his special project. He spent literally hundreds of hours scouring it. As he worked, he learned to pray again that by the grace of God he, too, might be cleansed.

When the thief is released from prison a satisfying job is essential but hard to find. An important step in his rehabilitation is our faith in him.

Do you employ men or women in your business? Have you ever considered the Christian opportunity that is yours in offering employment to those who need to find their way in society again?

It is necessary to go from *taking*, to *earning*, to *giving*: for all life's richest rewards come as we learn to give. The heart of the Christian faith is the cross, the symbol of God's giving of himself for us. The rehabilitation of our hearts comes as we bow in surrender beneath the cross.

Prayer: Father, help us to have a working, earning, giving life following the example of Jesus our Lord. Amen.

—ROBERT J. LYON

MARCH 11

"For by your words you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned."—Matthew 12:37.

ONCE A sailor, a reckless sort of fellow, spoke some insulting words to a passing girl. She looked into his eyes and said: "Do you know that you will one day have to meet me before the throne of God and give an account of these words?"

The sailor was thunderstruck at the unexpected reply. He went straight back to his ship and, before his berth, fell on his knees to ask God's forgiveness. For he had been reared by godly parents, but had strayed from their way. This godly rebuke found his conscience.

We live in a world of words. Words can wreck, words can revive, words can ruin, words can restore, words can change our whole way of living. They are the ambassadors of the soul. A word of encouragement, of appreciation, a compliment, can change a life.

At the beginning of my ministry, an understanding friend, placing his hand upon my shoulder, said to me, "The first thing I would like to ask of you is to be a man." The touch of that hand and those words still abide with me. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a setting of silver." (Proverbs 25:11.)

Imagine a spring landscape without the light of the sun. So would history be without the life and color given it by words. It was said of Martin Luther that his words were like battles—religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will. A word is enough to raise men to kill. Likewise, a word is enough to hold mankind back from killing and to inspire noble thinking and glorious living. "A soft answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger." (Proverbs 15:1.)

Let our words be words which will have a sweet echo in the great Day of Judgment—words which have blessed and not cursed, helped and not hindered, encouraged, and not discouraged, increased and not diminished the hopes of man for life here and glory hereafter. "Set a guard over my mouth, O Lord, keep watch over the door of my lips!" (Psalms 141:3.)

Prayer: Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart

Robert J. Lyon
Okanogan, Wash.

Howard W. Raines
Birmingham, Ala.

be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.

—HOWARD W. RAINES

MARCH 18

And he said to them, "Take heed, and beware of all covetousness; for a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions."—Luke 12:15

ONE THING that impresses me, as I read the Gospels, is that Jesus did not flinch in his approach to sin. With keen insight, he penetrated to the core of a person to discover and root out all sin. Thus, although she was a complete stranger to him, Jesus knew the sin and the need of the Samaritan woman with whom he had conversation at Jacob's well.

In our text, Jesus would have us observe our own hearts and consider our relationship with God at the point of greed. He cautions us to maintain the proper perspective concerning material possessions. In doing this, we need constantly to watch against, and be warned against, covetousness.

The happiness of the Christian today does not depend upon his possessions of worldly goods. One person may possess much of the world's wealth and still be dissatisfied and miserable; another may have very little of this world's goods and yet be satisfied and comfortable. That which determines a man's happiness is not material abundance but the spiritual qualities of love, joy, and peace in "the inner man."

Jesus does not condemn the possession of wealth, but he does condemn the lack of a proper relationship of wealth with God. When this relationship is evident, wealth is used wisely and well.

The heavenly father knows our needs and he will provide for us as he provides for all his creatures. To be anxious over "what you shall eat or what you shall drink; nor about your body, what you shall put on" (Matthew 6:25) is to sin. To commit our lives and possessions to him, however great or small, is to trust him implicitly.

Prayer: Dear God, in simple trust we commit our lives to thee. Use us, and all we possess, to thine honor and glory. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—EVERETT F. SPRING

MARCH 25

And he answered, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself."—Luke 10:27

MAN DOES not want to die. He wants life to go on forever. Whether the young lawyer was trying to put Jesus to the test in his question, recorded in Luke 10:25, is beside the point. The young lawyer, in his own way undoubtedly, was concerned about a never-ending life.

In Luke 10:27, Jesus was perfectly in character. He never promised any man entrance into the eternal kingdom unless that man was willing to meet the conditions of Christianity. To love God and man is the very heart and soul of the Christian Gospel.

When Jesus told the young lawyer that he must love the Lord his God with all his heart, soul, strength, and mind; and his neighbor as himself, He covered a great deal of the Gospel. For when we love God in this manner, God in return will surely lead us into paths of righteousness. He, in reality, becomes a "light unto our path." We love God because he first loved us, and we are able to love our neighbor in the Christian sense, because we have been first loved by God.

At this point we must remember that Christ died not only for us but for our neighbor as well. If we love God in the manner that Jesus set forth here, we must love our neighbors as ourselves. We wish ourselves well; therefore we must wish the best for our neighbors.

Perhaps this love does not need to be a tender emotion for our neighbor, but it does mean that we, of necessity, must have goodwill toward all men, for all men are children of our heavenly father.

When we are able to love God and man, it truly becomes "light unto our path."

Prayer: God, help us to love both God and man and thus find the true light unto our path. Amen.

—CHARLIE W. LAMB

Everett F. Spring
Mayville, N.Y.

Charlie W. Lamb
Rosenberg, Tex.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"Somebody put in a charge-a-plate!"

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Q *My boy friend and I are 16. We've gone steady for months. He practically lives at my house. He walks me home from school and hangs around all afternoon. Frequently, he stays for dinner and studies in the evening with me. Dad and Mom don't mind, but I get tired of it. Would it be all right for me to tell him to stay home part of the time?—L.C.*

A Indeed it would. His parents will thank you for it. Your folks are more tolerant than many. You should have some time of your own.

Q *I'm a boy, 15. I've always been happy and successful, but about two months ago I began losing my confidence. I get up feeling fine but by ten o'clock I'm so shy I can hardly speak. I also feel weak and don't hear too well. I'm scared. What's wrong with me? —R.S.*

A Your problem may be physical. Go to your family doctor. Ask him for a complete physical examination and be sure to follow his advice. If he can't find the trouble have him refer you to specialists. Don't delay.

Q *My parents want me to be a lawyer and make a lot of money. I want to be a social worker, and I know I'll never get rich. I'm only 14, but I think I have the right to choose my own occupation. Don't you?—L.C.*

A Yes, but at 14 your decisions must be tentative. Don't try to make a final decision for several years. When you do make the choice, listen carefully to your parents. Talk with your school counselor, too. Then make your own decisions.

Q *I'm a girl, 16. One year ago, my father had a stroke. Now he is a cripple. My mother works. I have to keep house and be a nurse. I hate it. I can't go to afternoon games; I have very little money for clothes. I'm ashamed to have boy friends inside my home. My social life has been destroyed. Why is God punishing me? Have I sinned to deserve this?—J.L.*

A Please don't feel that God is punishing you. There are objective medical reasons for your father's stroke. Note how much worse his situation is than yours. Have sympathy for him. Keep going to church. Go to evening affairs with your church friends. They'll like you whether you have new clothes or not. It is no fun to be denied afternoon activities, but it need not destroy your social life. Look around at school. You'll find other girls with similar obligations who feel less sorry for themselves than you do. Copy them.

Q *I'm a boy of 14. My sister, 18, is a pain in the neck. If my tie isn't straight, she scolds me; if my fingernails aren't clean, she throws a fit. She yells at me at the table when I take large bites of food. She's after me all the time. Who does she think she is, anyway?—V.E.*

A She feels she has the responsibility for guiding you. Older brothers or sisters often get that idea, though usually it's better to leave that job to parents. Talk with your father. Probably he'll see your side of it and tell her not to be so aggressive. Your sister means well, but she won't accomplish anything this way.

Q *I'm a boy, 14. A month ago I met a new girl. She is the only female in the world for me. I can't think of anything but her, and when we are apart I feel as though I can't live until I see her again. When she smiles I get weak inside. She's the same way about me. This really is love, isn't it?—A.J.*

A You describe the sensations clearly. Even so, this may not be the real thing. Crushes are common at your age. Probably you'll fall for a number of other girls before real love

comes. The difference between love and a crush is that the real thing lasts, while crushes are temporary. Time will give you your answer.

Q *When is a girl old enough to marry? I have loved the same boy since I was 13. Now I'm 16. He is 17. We're juniors in high school. Neither of us does very well in school. My boy friend could get a job at a service station that would pay almost $200 a month. We want to quit school and get married. Our parents will not consent. Why are they so mean?—C.L.*

A You'll be old enough to marry when you're ready to settle down to a routine of keeping house, having babies, and getting along without your gang of friends. Your boy will be old enough to marry when he is ready for the humdrum routine and responsibility of regular work, of paying bills, of planning ahead, and so on. A few people are ready for marriage at 18, but most aren't until their 20s. Those who marry too young regret it. Their love turns to hatred, and they are overwhelmed. Your parents are not being mean, they are being wise. Wait and you won't be sorry.

Q *You say a girl should respect her parents. I love and respect my mother, but I hate my father. He stays drunk for months at a time. Sometimes he tries to beat me. Last night he fought with a policeman, so now he is in jail. We are on relief because he can't work. How can I respect a man like that?—J.M.*

A Look for his good traits and concentrate on them. Try to help him when you can. Would he be willing to join Alcoholics Anonymous? Remember, he is emotionally sick rather than deliberately evil. Perhaps he should be placed in an institution. Have your mother talk with your minister about that. God bless you, young lady.

Q *I'm 13 and a runt of a boy. My friends are twice as big as I am. Girls won't look at me. Boys make dirty cracks about my size. At parties, I'm too bashful to open my mouth. Am I normal?—B.I.*

A Almost certainly you are. Some boys grow rapidly at 11 or 12, others not until they're 15 or 16. Prob-

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency No. 724

Himself HE Could Not Save

By ROY L. SMITH

ONE OF the most malicious taunts hurled at Jesus on his cross has been revived, and today is being thrown into the teeth of godly men in perilous places: *He saved others; he cannot save himself.*

Stories leaking through the bamboo curtain tell of the most disgusting indignities being visited upon priests, monks, preachers, and sisters of mercy by the Communists. Their taunts of "Where is your God now? Why doesn't he come to help you? What's the matter with your prayers?" are designed to prove to all men everywhere that religion does not help, that it is ridiculous to put any reliance in God.

We will do well to remember, this Easter, that Good Friday is not the end of the Passion Week, that Jesus' cry upon the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was not his last word, and that the bitter speech of the disciples on the way to Emmaus—"We had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel"—was later revised to say, "He is risen, and become the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep."

The central message of Easter is that we are living in an evil world, but that evil does not have the last word. Follow the historical records and discover the fate of the four individuals chiefly responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus.

Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator, was relieved of his commission as governor, recalled to Rome, charged with having failed, and banished. As an exile he had plenty of time to think about his own question: "What is truth?"

Herod Antipas, to whom Jesus owed his obedience as a subject throughout his entire life, was dethroned by Rome and ended his life in disgrace.

Annas, the ex-High Priest who reputedly bribed Caesar to appoint Caiaphas, his son-in-law, to the office of High Priest in the Temple at Jerusalem, lived long enough to hear his name hissed.

Caiaphas, who pronounced judgment on Jesus, was relieved of his post and died unmourned and dishonored.

Throughout the world a war is being waged against religion, all religions. Communist cadres taunt the people with the ancient cynicism: "He saved others, let him save himself."

But Good Friday was not the end. Only a few hours—not more than 30—following the burial in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, Mary came racing back from the spot near Calvary exclaiming, "He is alive! I have seen him! He is risen!"

This is the reason we celebrate Easter. It is the divine assurance to all men that God and good are eternal, and that evil is temporary.

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What's wrong with 'saying' our prayers?

Not a thing—if we know what we are saying, and mean it. Saying the Ten Commandments, the pledge of allegiance, the oath of Hippocrates, or anything else means little unless we speak from the heart.

Years ago, Ernest F. Tittle said: "A man's prayer is not in the words which come from his lips but, rather, in the passions of his heart—what he greatly desires and is ready to pay for."

"Saying prayers" is good, but it does not go far enough.

Should a parsonage have a fallout shelter?

Only the pastor and his family can answer such a question, but the outsider can show that there is not much point in a preacher seeking to survive merely for survival's sake. The early Christians did not crowd into the catacombs to save themselves, but to save their faith.

For the Christian, there is protection far more important than that offered by a fallout shelter, or even a bomb shelter. Wrote Martin Luther: "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing."

Why did Methodism forge ahead in America?

Partly because of its methodical, yet mobile organization, but mostly because it suited the American temperament. Enthusiasm and efficiency, practicality and perseverance are Methodist as well as American.

Our beliefs—especially our emphasis on religion as a personal experience—have appealed to Americans. We have insisted that nobody can give you your faith: you must discover and develop it for yourself. Somebody else may introduce you to God, but you, on your own initiative, must find him, even as he seeks you out. And your relationship to the Father, through the redeeming sponsorship of his Son and the witness of his Spirit, must grow out of your own condition and need.

Methodists, according to a *Newsweek* writer, "lead with their hearts instead of their heads." But note how our core beliefs appeal to the experience-centered thinking of Americans: regeneration—the new birth, the change of heart through which one becomes a child of God; the witness of the Spirit—the unquestioned assurance that the Christian is a child of God, and Christian perfection—the teaching that it is possible and intended that everyone shall lead a sinless life and be "made perfect in love" (though not necessarily perfect in every word and deed) in this life.

Bishop T. Otto Nall views Christianity from a unique vantage point. Episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, he has a background as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE editor, world traveler, and minister.

ably your parents were small at your age, too. Try to accept your size; you'll grow faster later on. Meanwhile, keep busy, and don't worry about being shy. Do you have any special talents—in music, for example, or in sports? Spend as much time as possible doing those things in which you succeed. That will help you gain confidence.

Q *I'm a girl, 14. My girl friends tease me because I am so ignorant about sex. I have asked my parents to explain things, but they tell me to ask my science teacher. I can't do that. Will you help me?—H.E.*

A Write for the leaflet, *Sex Facts For Adolescents*, available for 10¢ from Methodist Booklet Publications, Department of Christian Family, P.O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn. Read it, then discuss it with your mother. Also suggest to your parents that they get the paperback booklet, *What to Tell Your Children About Sex* from Pocketbooks, Inc., Mail Service Department, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. It costs 35¢. Your folks should try to answer your questions freely and frankly. It's best when information about reproduction is acquired at home.

Q *I'm on restriction, and I'm really teed off about it. I am 16 and have my driver's license. One night after a party I was driving with my arm around my girl. I got a little careless and went about 70 miles an hour in a 25-mile zone. My father saw me. Now he won't let me use the family car for six months. Is that fair?—M.A.*

A Probably. Driving is an adult responsibility. Even a little carelessness can be fatal. Going 70 miles in a 25-mile zone is not a minor mistake, especially when you are using only one hand. Try not to argue about the restriction. When you can drive again, be careful. Establish a reputation for good driving. Then you'll have more freedom. Have you taken the driving course at school? It is worthwhile.

•

DR. BARBOUR, *head of counseling in the San Diego, Calif., public schools, has answers for all teen problems. Young people may ask his help—in strict confidence—by writing him c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois.*

Looks at New Books

This early-spring sketch, made in Holland, shows a new side of a beloved artist's work. You'll find it in The Norman Rockwell Album.

I CONFESS that I'm irked by some of the recent books on science and religion. I don't think the two need to be reconciled and I'm firmly convinced God needs no patronizing pats on the back from scientists, no matter how prominent they are. But two recent books on this theme are worth your attention.

In ***Science and Religion*** (Putnam, $3.95), 23 outstanding clergymen tell how modern science has affected their innermost beliefs. Among them are two Methodist bishops, **Ivan Lee Holt** and **Gerald H. Kennedy.** This stimulating symposium is edited by **John Clover Monsma.**

The second book is written by a scientist who is a Methodist lay preacher and has served as vice-president of the British Methodist Conference. He is the English physicist and mathematician, **C. A. Coulson.**

In ***Science, Technology, and the Christian*** (Abingdon, $2.50) Dr. Coulson says Christians can make three contributions in our present situation: they can recognize what has been happening in the new industrial revolution; they can demonstrate that the problems raised are not merely technological but are compounded of science, technology, politics, and faith; and they can set the pattern of thought against which decisions and action may be judged. "The Christian," Dr. Coulson writes, "really is the leaven in the lump."

One of my associates here on TOGETHER knew Sinclair Lewis—once spent most of a day unhurriedly interviewing him. So when we received **Mark Schorer**'s massive ***Sinclair Lewis: An American Life*** (McGraw-Hill, $10), I put it on his desk. Now I have this memo:

"Thank you, Barnabas! Mark Schorer has done extraordinarily well—all 867 pages! Lewis wrote some 'turkeys,' but his *Main Street* and *Arrowsmith* put him on the list of notable American authors.

"Schorer would agree to that, and therein lies justification for this painstakingly detailed study. It sketches clearly the upcoming of a sensitive boy, driven by the genius of his uncannily photographic mind, goaded by a persisting loneliness, sometimes frustrated by his sudden enthusiasms.

"Lewis grew up at Sauk Centre, Minn., the son of a physician. Says his biographer: 'He was a queer boy, always an outsider, lonely.' Fame and wealth were to come—but it was a lonely, frustrated, and alcoholic Sinclair Lewis who died among strangers in a Rome hospital January 10, 1951.

"How did young Lewis, active in Christian Endeavor and other activities of the Sauk Centre Congregational Church, become the raucous skeptic who wrote *Elmer Gantry?* Answers show up in the book, and they certainly include his subjective response to the skin troubles that plagued him all his life and made his features repulsive to many. Schorer comes close to summing it all up when he says Lewis was 'the kind of artist who is temperamentally unable to objectify his anxieties . . . he did not know what self-knowledge is.' "

Don't underestimate **Ann Landers.** Breezy and flip though it sounds, the

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Ruth C. Ikerman. Devotions and recipes for cooking with the heart, making every kitchen chore one of joy and love. Each chapter opens with a Bible verse and is followed by an anecdote or story concerning the food featured. 128 pages. $2

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Marion Flood French. These 43 meditations express prayerful joy for the beauty in nature, for friendliness, for the familiar homey things we encounter in our daily lives. 96 pages. $1.50

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advice she dispenses to the 20 million readers of her syndicated newspaper column reflects the counsel of experts as well as her own extraordinary common sense.

"Had I been blessed with the wisdom of Solomon, I could not pull out of my hat the answers to all the questions put to me in a single day," she says in her first book, *Since You Ask Me* (Prentice-Hall, $3.50).

In the six years she's been writing the column, Miss Landers (at home Mrs. Jules Lederer, Chicago wife and mother) has dealt with more than half a million letters from people with troubles—some tragic, some trivial, occasionally comic, all of mountainous importance to the writers.

Each letter is answered personally—a task that takes the help of eight full-time assistants; but readers of the column share in the questions and answers Miss Landers publishes in it.

"A common thread is woven into every messed-up life," Miss Landers has discovered. "It is fear. What are we afraid of? We're afraid of the boss. We're afraid our husbands (or wives) are cheating. If we are cheating, we're afraid of getting caught. We're afraid of business failure, social snubs, in-laws, what the neighbors will think. We're afraid of getting old; we are afraid of getting sick."

Almost half her mail comes from men. Teen-agers, mostly girls, contribute heavily. The remaining mail is largely from women who are having trouble with their marriages. Surprisingly few people write about money problems.

If you are a reader of her column, either to find answers to some of your problems or simply to marvel at a remarkable mirror of human life, you'll find her book equally fascinating. It brims with genuine love of people and courage for living.

Some scraps of bones, a broken figurine, a cryptic notation carved in stone—from such relics as these *The Epic of Man* (Time, Inc., $13.50) traces man's journey through the darkness of the distant past up to the flowering of his first civilizations.

This fascinating book by the **Editors of *Life*** uses paintings, photographs, and 100,000 words of text to tell the story. Through it all, I found traces of the thread of man's search for God. For never has his restless, inquiring brain been content to believe that his is the highest consciousness in this mysterious universe. Even during the Stone Age, when he was matching his flint-tipped spears against animal claws and fangs, man had a form of religion and believed that his soul was immortal.

Donald T. Rowlingson, professor of New Testament Literature at Meth-

odist-related Boston University School of Theology, believes the Gospels hold all we need to know in order to make an intelligent decision regarding Jesus' challenge to our times.

He says so in ***Jesus the Religious Ultimate*** (Macmillan, $3.50), a book for laymen that is no romantic popularization. Dr. Rowlingson insists that any theology about Jesus have firm roots in what really happened, and he interprets Jesus and his teaching against the background of Jewish thought from which he came.

For the reader who wants more than surface understanding, this is a scholarly and relevant book.

"We are wrong when we are unable or unwilling to face up to racial and religious intolerance. . . . We are wrong when we resist supporting better educational programs for our own children. . . . We are wrong if we become so swamped in our advantages of growing wealth and comfortable living that, except for the purposes of self-defense and self-interest, we lack the vision and the goodwill to move with positive action to assist the less fortunate in underdeveloped lands . . ."

Those aren't the views of a negativist. They come from retired industrialist **Harry A. Bullis**, a compelling spokesman for what is *right* with America in ***Manifesto for Americans*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). TOGETHER readers will remember Mr. Bullis for his *How I Listen to God* [February, 1959, page 11].

Speaking positively in his *Manifesto*, he says: "As Americans we must never be ashamed of the record of our system, and it behooves us to be informed and ready to tell others about it." Too few of us, he believes, are aware how inseparably interlocked are freedom of the individual and freedom of enterprise.

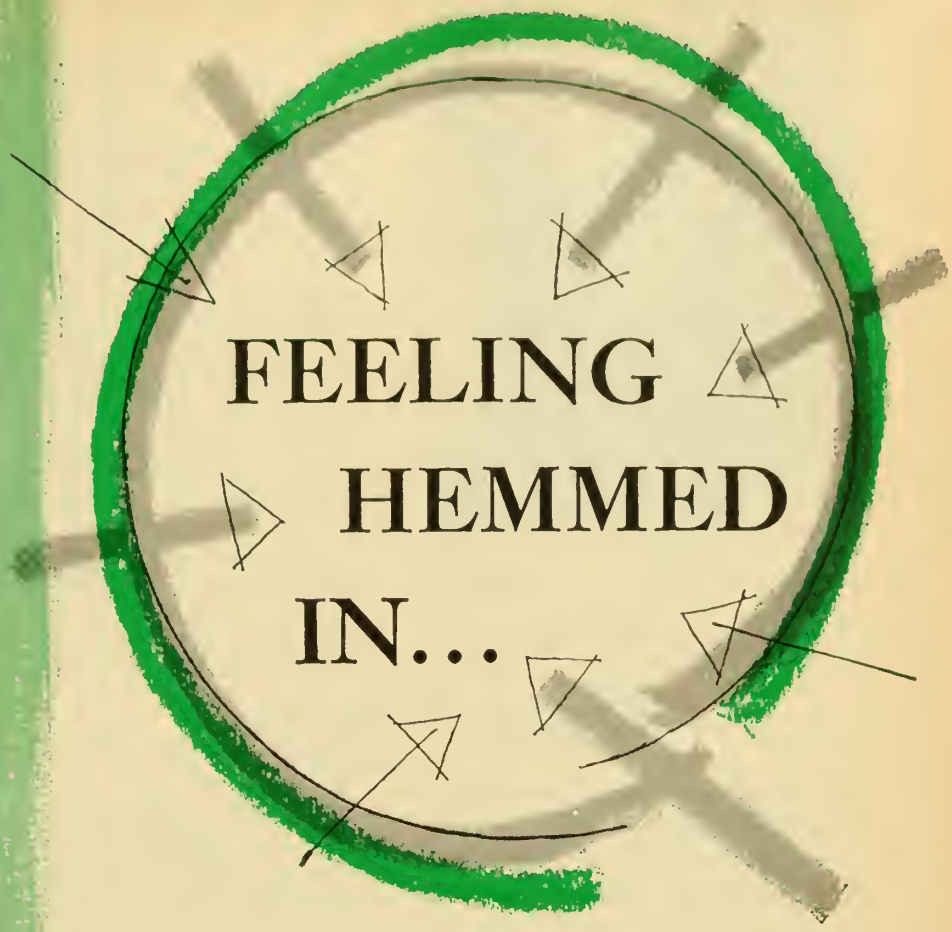
He suggests how all Americans—180 million capitalists—can make the most of our abilities and capacities in the creative, risk-taking, venturesome climate that is American capitalism. He prescribes what we should do to meet the challenges of today, not simply for our own survival but for the survival of the whole family of man.

Soldier, journalist, politician, states man, novelist, historian, painter, wit—what better subject for an irresistible biography?

Sir Winston Churchill, outsized world personality, is all these, and **Peter de Mendelssohn** has begun to chronicle his career in the first of three planned volumes—***The Age of Churchill: Heritage and Adventure, 1874-1911*** (Knopf, $8.95).

De Mendelssohn has put an immense amount of work into this first volume, and it never drags, as is often the problem with a book so well-documented.

It is a well-balanced, clear, and honest



. . . by snow or daily routine? Even if you're lacking a ticket to faraway places, you can set off in time, space, or spirit through books like these:

The Ship, by ***Bjorn Landstrom*** (*Doubleday, $14.95*)—A 6,000-year journey on the waters of the world, in craft ranging from papyrus rafts to nuclear-powered submarines.

The White Nile, by ***Alan Moorehead*** (*Harper, $5.95*)—Saga of the men who explored, pillaged, evangelized, and finally awakened, the unknown areas of Central Africa.

Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, selected and edited by ***William Cole*** (*Doubleday, $7.50*)—Contains many songs unavailable in comparable volumes.

Rodeo—Last Frontier of the Old West, by ***Robert West Howard*** and ***Oren Arnold*** (*New American Library, 50¢*)—A lively history of the Wild West Show.

The Art of Japanese Brush Painting, by ***Takahiko Mikami*** and ***Jack McDowell*** (*Crown, $3.95*)—Instruction in an ancient art, and a new way of looking at the world.

Dolphins: The Myth and the Mammal, by ***Antony Alpers*** (*Houghton Mifflin, $5*)—Fable and fact about the sea's most interesting and intelligent creature.

The Inward Journey, by ***Howard Thurman*** (*Harper, $3*)—Takes the reader on a quest for meaning, for understanding, for fulfillment, for love, for peace, and for God.

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picture of the early life of one of the most controversial figures of 20th-century British politics. This controversy stemmed in part from the failure of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, to win control over the Tory party. Winston was determined (and destined) to redeem this.

Young Churchill went over to the Liberal party just before its victory in 1905. The first volume then covers his career as a Liberal minister to 1911—a brilliant M.P. who managed to switch back and forth across the aisles of Commons without diminishing his stature as a leader, one of the leaders in the major social and economic changes that transformed Britain at the beginning of this century, scapegoat for the militant Suffragettes, and First Lord of the Admiralty in time to meet the threat of German naval rivalry.

If the next two volumes meet the high standards set by the first, this may well be the unquestioned biography of Churchill and his age. But for absolute proof, we must wait for Sir Winston's own papers and records.

Human beings have had nervous breakdowns for less. But Elsa, the African lioness who was raised by human "parents," actually managed three roles—the vigilant mother of three cubs, the primitive mate of a wild lion, and the touchingly affectionate friend of a man and woman who loved her.

Joy Adamson tells the stirring story of Elsa's motherhood in ***Living Free*** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.95). It is an extraordinary book, equally as unusual as *Born Free,* in which Mrs. Adamson told of the first years of Elsa's life. Animal lovers will find it completely absorbing.

I was reminded of John Gunther's swift-paced, fact-filled style as I read ***Africa—Angry Young Giant*** (Praeger, $7.95). Author **Smith Hempstone** has the same ability to put the reader on top of a subject.

His vivid book on the emergent African states south of the Sahara and north of the Congo—he calls this the New Africa—is based on close personal knowledge: he and his wife traveled some 70,000 miles during 30 months of research, visiting 40 nations and dependencies.

Of the continent they both came to love, he writes:

"It may be naïve, immature, bombastic and sometimes slightly ludicrous; it may be going off in all directions at once, often to its own detriment; it may be going in entirely the wrong direction; but it is alive, not stagnant. Great forces have been unleashed—within five years the Afro-Asian bloc will hold at least 50 of 104 seats in the United Nations General Assembly—and Africa is a continent on the move. We may not understand her, but we ignore the New Africa at our peril."

The Hempstones are not ignoring her. They now live at Nairobi, Kenya, from which he serves two American newspapers as African correspondent.

SPECIAL FOR FAMILIES

Just what is the doctrine of the Trinity? What is sin? How may one receive forgiveness? What is the Holy Spirit?

How many of us, when confronted with questions like these from our children or friends can be sure that our answers are clear and understandable? How many of us are sure we understand them ourselves?

In ***Basic Christian Beliefs*** (Macmillan, $2.95) **Frederick C. Grant** writes of the essential truths with which every Christian should be familiar. And he does so in a manner that is so easy to understand, so comprehensive, so theologically sound, that his book is an ideal primer for young people and beginning Christians.

It's an excellent resource for family worship and excellent to read in preparation for the National Conference on Family Life that will be held in Chicago, Ill., next October 19 to 21.

What really is going on behind the Bamboo Curtain? Tracey K. Jones, Jr., a Methodist Board of Missions official, addressed himself to the question in TOGETHER several months ago [*What Happened to The Chinese Christians,* June, 1961, page 16]. But most Americans still know far too little maintains British-born journalist **Felix Greene,** who makes his home in California and writes, he says, as an Anglo-American.

Mr. Greene has made two visits to Red China, traveling on a British passport with full knowledge of the U.S. government. ***Awakened China: The Country Americans Don't Know*** (Doubleday, $5.95) is his report.

"I went to China first in 1957," he writes, "taking with me all the prevailing assumptions and apprehensions generally prevalent in the United States. . . . The discrepancy between what I had been led to expect and what I actually saw was at first bewildering and disturbing."

He returned in 1960, and now reports: "What is happening in China today is far livelier, far richer in content, far more successful, than we have been permitted to learn."

Though his book is crammed with personalities and incidents, his concern is with programs. About these he is frankly enthusiastic. He marvels at the

cleanliness, the efficiency, the honesty—and, most of all, the freedom from hunger—he found in the new China. He worries too little about the lack of freedom of thought: "Who can strike the balance between freedom from starvation for the majority against freedom of thought for the minority?"

Another recent book researched behind the Bamboo Curtain is ***The Red Mandarins*** (Taplinger, $5.50), in which Danish travel writer **Karl Eskelund** tells of a journey from Hong Kong to Hankow, Shanghai, Peking, and north through Manchuria. It is a more personal, less admiring record than Felix Greene's.

Mr. Eskelund and his wife were actually going home when they went to China. He had been a student at Peking University in the 1930s; she is a daughter of a once-prominent Chinese family. As the author tells of visits with relatives and old friends, the reader gets an unforgettable picture of people instead of programs. And he feels the soul-shattering conditions being imposed on teachers and students, and the fear of being reported with which everybody lives.

Frankly, reading about Communist China is unsettling. We don't like to think of the size and power of the dragon that is rising in Asia, but it cannot be ignored. We need to know everything we can about it, and we need to weigh each report against all the others in an effort to find the truth for ourselves.

"Somehow it is considered unladylike for a girl to ask questions about sex. I want to make it clear, however, that this curiosity is natural."

That's how **Bernhardt Gottlieb** begins ***What a Girl Should Know About Sex*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.25). Then, from his experience as the father of four and 25 years as a specialist in adolescent psychology, Dr. Gottlieb explains the physiological and psychological changes that occur during adolescence—from the first feelings of growth to marriage and motherhood.

Though written for the girls themselves, this little book can be extremely helpful to the fathers, mothers, and teachers of adolescent girls. Dr. Gottlieb writes frankly and simply, but with depth and insight. I suggest, though, you read it yourself, to decide whether it reflects your own attitudes, before you pass it on to your daughter.

A television version of ***Garibaldi*** (Nelson, $4) probably would shock modern-day audiences, who prefer the more barbaric side of history's famous men be glossed over. But that doesn't detract a bit from this new probe of the legend-like life of Italy's liberator by **Peter de Polnay**.

Garibaldi spent 12 years in South

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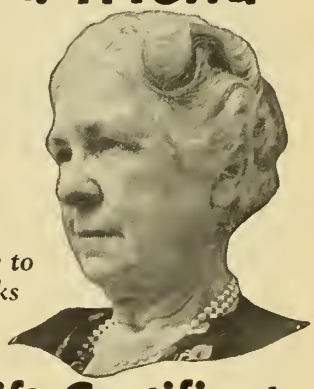

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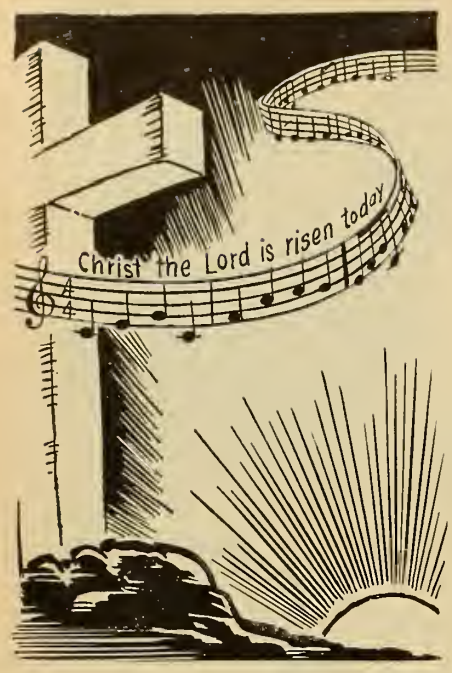

What does Easter mean to you?

If it is to be the spiritual high point of the entire year, you will want the Easter season to be more than just one day.

The weeks that lead up to Easter are important. Daily devotions during Lent will help you to understand more clearly and share more fully in the joy of this greatest of Christian holy days.

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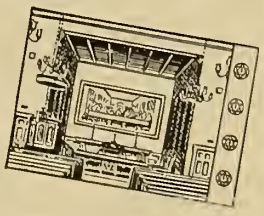

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America, fighting for the Republic of Rio Grande, later for Uruguay. From the *gauchos* he learned horsemanship and *guerrillero* tactics which later would serve him well. With him in Italy's *Risorgimento* were his famed "red shirts of Montevideo." He married a Brazilian woman, who took part in many of his battles.

This adventurer-son of devout parents became anticlerical and a confirmed atheist. His coconspirator, Mazzini, however, was a believer, declaring that Christ would manifest himself through the people.

Four Paths and Paradise are two Jamaican villages which make **Hugh B. Cave**'s ***Four Paths to Paradise: A Book About Jamaica*** (Doubleday, $4.95) a neatly turned-out title.

Part fun, part history, part travel, part treasure hunt, the book yields many touching bits of folklore. You may feel broadened to learn that a *dinky* is a social affair to cheer up a grieving family, or to read of the use of *obeah* charms and of pocomania, a form of voodoo.

The book tells of modern political development without being heavy with it. It's pleasant reading—and why not, with fascinating place names like Fairy Hill, Constant Spring, and Bugaboo River.

"Right now, for the fourth spring running, the Grady household is huddled in the back of a crew leader's truck heading for Maryland and points north. Altogether the truck is carrying 27 people, all Negro, just seven of them are Gradys. Counting Lottie, that is, they make seven. Last summer after Princess Anne was born there were eight of them for a little bit of time, and then Sharlene died. She just grabbed that Orange Crush bottle and drank it down before anybody saw her. It had kerosene in it. She was not quite two . . ."

Thus **Louisa R. Shotwell** tells of one family in ***The Harvesters: The Story of the Migrant People*** (Doubleday, $4.50). These are the workers, trucked around with fewer safeguards than for cattle, who pick the beans and the berries we buy every year—and who reap for themselves little money, less hope, and an astonishingly small crop of bitterness.

The picture Miss Shotwell paints in her warmly human book isn't all dark: one of the brightest lights in it is her description of the interdenominational migrant ministry conducted through the National Council of Churches. But the sensitive reader will not soon forget the families who are caught outside of organized labor, held down under organized farming, unprotected by labor legislation, and shunned by the communities they intermittently inhabit.

—BARNABAS

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

I RECEIVE many invitations to Hollywood previews, and the editor of TOGETHER has suggested that from time to time I mention movies in this column. I will do this only when there is something unusual to tell you. This month I want to speak of one of the greatest pictures I have ever seen: Stanley Kramer's *Judgment at Nuremberg*.

I was so uplifted that I went home unable to talk or think about anything else. I wish that every American could see the film.

It has a great cast which includes Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximillian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. A picture is always off to a good start if it has good actors and actresses, but that does not necessarily make it great.

The story is about the trial of four German judges accused of subverting their offices to persecute and condemn innocent people. Under the Third Reich, the judiciary became simply an instrument of the government's propaganda office. Decisions were made before trials took place, and people were sterilized, sent to concentration camps, or killed simply because Hitler considered them undesirable.

The men on trial are significantly different. One is a party hack who enthusiastically supported the Nazis. A second judge justifies himself by saying he just did what he was told to do. A third, an old man, seems almost senile, not quite aware of what he did and what happened. But the fourth, Judge Ernst Janning, has written authoritative books in his field and was honored internationally. He never could adjust his actions with his conscience, so that finally he insists on confessing his guilt.

The defense attorney is Maximillian Schell whose case is based on the idea that many others were guilty: American industrialists for helping Hitler come to power; Russia for making a pact with Hitler; the Vatican for signing a concordat with Hitler in the early days of his rise. The defense hopes to save Germany's face and re-establish some pride and hope for the future.

The prosecuting attorney, Richard Widmark, believes that if these men are not found guilty, the war will have been in vain. He shows pictures of concentration camps which are the results of decisions these judges made. He fights with the fierce intensity of a man who believes that the evil of Hitlerism has to be rooted out and destroyed for the sake of all mankind.

Three American judges conduct the trial, and the chairman is Spencer Tracy. I doubt if we have a better actor than Tracy, and he plays this part superbly. A New England judge who was defeated in the last election, he was chosen largely because other men did not want to get mixed up in it. He portrays a man with a great sense of duty and broad human sympathy. He finally comes to his decision knowing full well that it is an unpopular one. I shall never forget the conclusion where Tracy tells the German judge with a troubled conscience that—even if he did not know how it was going to come out finally—he had started the whole process when he first pronounced an innocent man guilty.

We need this picture in this time; it may restore sanity to many people who have been listening to fascist talk about the impeachment of our Chief Justice. When the Supreme Court no longer stands apart from politics or public opinion, it becomes like the courts of the Third Reich or of the Union of South Africa.

This picture has well-nigh perfect direction. It never lingers too long on one point, and it has dramatic movement all the way. If you think I have been too enthusiastic and have lost my critical judgment, please go and see the picture anyway. Then tell me what you think about it.

THE 1962 ANNUAL

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THE SPOTLESS LEOPARD

BY GINA BELL-ZANO

LOTI LOOKED at himself in the clear water of the brook. He looked at his small, pointed ears. He looked into his own large, shining, green eyes. Then he took a long drink of water and sighed.

"Oh," he said sadly, "if only I knew what I am. Then I could find my family. But I'll never find them standing around here all day."

Loti started to walk through the quiet jungle. Suddenly he heard a faint rustle among the leaves. He stopped. He looked around. Then he

One day the leopard saw that Loti's spots were gone.

gave a jump. He was looking right into the eyes of a large, handsome beast.

Loti forced himself to smile politely, for he was very polite for so young an animal.

"How do," he said. "I'm sort of lost. I'm trying to locate my family. Do you suppose I'm a small one of you?"

"Let's look at you," said the large, handsome beast. Loti stood quietly in front of him. The large beast shook his head.

"No," he said, "you're not one of us. You haven't a stripe on you. I'm sorry for you, but all tigers have stripes."

"All of them?" asked Loti.

"Yes," said the tiger. "You can't be a tiger without them. However, you do have some spots. Try the leopards. But, of course, you know, there are only two kinds of animals —tigers and those who wish they were tigers. I wish you luck."

He smiled kindly at Loti and stalked on through the jungle. Loti walked off in the opposite direction.

Suddenly he heard a rustle among the leaves. He stopped. He looked around. Then he gave a jump. He was looking right into the eyes of a large, handsome beast.

Loti forced himself to smile politely. "How do," he said. "I'm sort of lost. I'm trying to locate my family. Do you suppose I'm a small one of you?"

"Let's have a look at you," said the large, handsome beast. Loti stood quietly in front of him.

Then the large, handsome beast nodded. "You might be at that," he said. "A very small one of us. You do have spots."

Loti smiled happily. "That's wonderful. Then I am a leopard?"

"Well, all leopards have spots," said the leopard. "Lots and lots of spots. Come with me."

He led Loti to a neat clearing in the jungle where a family of leopards was sitting down to dinner.

"I've found us a lost relation," said the leopard.

All the leopards looked at Loti. Then they nodded. "He must be one of us," they said. "He has spots."

So Loti settled down happily among the leopards. But one day, the littlest leopard pointed at Loti and shouted, "You're spotless! You don't have any more spots. What happened to you?"

Loti looked at himself. He seemed to be all one tan color. He even pulled his tail around and looked at it. Not a spot anywhere. And suddenly he was looking into the eyes of the big leopard who had been his first friend.

"So," said the big leopard, "your spots are gone. Well, I'm sorry for you, stranger, but you can't be a leopard."

"Are you sure all leopards have spots?" asked Loti.

"Yes," answered the big leopard, "and there are just two kinds of animals—leopards and those who wish they were leopards."

Then the big leopard and the littlest leopard stalked off into the jungle. "Good luck," they called.

Loti sat under a big palm tree. He sighed a big sigh. He was lonelier now than ever before. Two big tears came out of his big, green eyes and slid down his nose.

Suddenly he heard a rustle among the leaves. He looked around, and then he saw the round, bright eyes of a parrot.

"Hi, stranger," said the parrot in a hoarse, squawky voice.

Loti forced himself to smile politely through his tears.

"You look sad enough to be sitting under a weeping willow," squawked the parrot.

"It's because I'm not a tiger and I'm not a leopard. I'm nobody and I don't belong anywhere," cried Loti.

"Oh yes you do," said the parrot, smiling mysteriously. "I know who you are, all right. You're a lion!"

"Who, me?" said Loti. "I couldn't be."

"You are," said the parrot. "You don't have a mane yet because you're young, but you're a lion, all right."

"That sounds like a fine thing to be," said Loti.

"It is," said the parrot. "A young lion grows up to be king of the whole jungle. Now you're only a prince, but you'll be king some day. Come on, little lion, follow me. I'll take you to our leader."

Loti smiled happily. "You know what?" he said. "I think there are only two kinds of animals—lions and those who wish they were lions!" And led by the parrot, he marched off proudly to join his own family.

The Wind

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees
  bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—Christina Rossetti

Play Clay

It's FUN to make spotless leopards and all kinds of other animals from play clay. Ask Mother if she'll mix up a batch for you some rainy March day when you have to play inside. This is the recipe:

1 cup of flour
1 cup of salt
1 tablespoon alum (if available)
2/3 cup of water

Mix the ingredients in a bowl. If the play clay seems to be too sticky, add a little more flour and salt. And if you'd like to make the clay brighter, just add a few drops of food coloring to the water before you mix it with the flour and salt. Put waxed paper on the table where you'll be using the play clay and be sure to clean up when you're finished! You can save the clay for another rainy day by storing it in a covered jar.

March

March is such a boisterous fellow,
Dashing up and down the streets,
Tossing snow right in the faces
Of the boys and girls he meets!

Nonetheless, we have to love him,
For already it appears
That he's telling us he's sorry
With a flood of foolish tears!

—Gretta Higgs

My SOUVENIRS of the STONE AGE

Collector's choice: An arrowhead with a long, fluted body, notched and beveled edges, and winged barbs.

Searching for relics and arrowheads, the Detzers keep in close touch with history—and with each other.

By JORDAN E. DETZER

MY WIFE and I were hiking on a rocky plateau high above the Dead Sea one day last summer when I spied one stone smaller and smoother than the rest. Picking it up, I saw that it was a crude arrowhead which had been chipped from low-grade jasper, possibly by the same people who had inscribed the famed biblical scrolls found in nearby caves.

Later, while surveying the ruins of the walls of Jericho, we found several more stone points. Had they, I wondered, been used in some long-forgotten assault on that ancient stronghold? I tried to picture fierce desert warriors running, crouching, and loosing their volleys at the sentries on the walls.

It is this feeling of being in touch with the past which makes collecting arrowheads a fascinating hobby. I have had the fever ever since I found my first point, wondered about the man who had made it, and tried to guess how long it had lain there waiting for someone to find it.

The whole family can practice this hobby, which requires only sharp eyesight, a little legwork, and patience. It has fitted remarkably well into my work as a pastor, too. My most unusual find, in fact, was made while attending the 1960 General Conference of The Methodist Church at Denver.

Another minister and I had taken a day off from the sessions to drive to the Lindenmier archaeological site north of Fort Collins, Colo. Poking among the rocks, we found pieces of finely chiseled Folsom points which radiocarbon tests revealed were 10,890 years old.

The craftmanship of Folsom Man—who is believed to have perished in the last Ice Age—was superior to that of most American Indians, and a Folsom point in good condition may bring $100 from a collector today.

I was a rather reluctant recruit to the arrowhead-collecting fraternity back in 1954. My family and I were vacationing at Oak Creek Valley, Ariz., when a friend of Ronnie's, our oldest son (then six), asked us to hunt points with him. I did not relish the thought of clambering over steep, rocky hills all day, but I consented. We returned several hours later, tired, hungry—and completely converted! We had found several arrowheads, and I had discovered a fascinating outlet for my interest in archaeology.

Dr. Detzer and Ronnie display many of their 1,500 points in cases such as this. They often exhibit their collection at churches.

Later, when I served the vast pastorate around Barstow, Calif., and Death Valley, I made pastoral calls in a jeep. Crisscrossing the 5,000-square-mile area, I frequently found arrowheads, axes, tools, and pieces of pottery uncovered by the wind. My present pastorate at Lemon Grove, Calif., Methodist Church is only a few miles from nine Indian reservations.

You can find Indian artifacts almost anywhere in North America that has not been covered by concrete or planted to turf, but few hunting grounds equal those of Southern California and Arizona. The arid climate has preserved relics, the ground cover is light, the land has been cultivated hardly at all, and few people live there. Many of the relics are lying where they were left centuries ago, waiting to be found.

Often my wife Jeanne, our four boys, and I load up the jeep and head into the desert for a "relic-ing" good time. Jeanne has a sharp eye for the smaller objects I sometimes overlook, and the three oldest boys—Ronnie, 13, David, 10, and Jordan, 7—have become expert explorers in their own right. Mark, 3, is learning the business from the ground up, so to speak. Even our dog noses up a point now and then.

Our family collection includes some 1,500 arrowheads suitable for mounting, plus assorted tools, pottery vessels, and ceremonial drums. One of our prized items is a stone awl which Jordie and I found while fighting our way through a sandstorm near Barstow one day. The Smithsonian Institution has estimated its age at 9,000 years.

When he is at camp, Ronnie frequently leads his counselors and the other boys on arrowhead-hunting trips. Many of the relics they have found are on exhibition at the Cucamonga and Canyon de Chelly museums.

This passion for sifting the sands of time is highly contagious. There now are more than 7,000 American "head hunters," with collections ranging in value from a few dollars to $400,000.

I belong to the Relic Hunters, a group of 12 pastors of the Southern California-Arizona Conference who frequently take field trips together. We meet twice a year—at annual conference in Redlands, Calif., and at the September pastors' school in San Diego. We swap yarns about our newest finds, telling where and how we discovered them. Sometimes our families get together and explore new territories, and we frequently take youth groups on relic-hunting trips.

If all of this interests you, let me pass on a few pointers that we had to learn the hard way:

1. *Know where to look.*

Old Indian-village sites are best, but relics abound around almost any stream or lake. In addition to the desert areas, Montana and the Dakotas are extremely fruitful. That is where the Plains Indians made their last stand against the white man, and they left plenty of relics lying around. For more help, check with your nearest museum. They will know the best hunting spots.

2. *Know how to look.*

Heavy rains and strong winds may uncover relics previously hidden from view. Sand blowouts should be checked frequently. If you find a spot where the ground is covered with tiny flakes of flint, you may be standing where some aboriginal arrowsmith worked. Look carefully, and even sift the top soil.

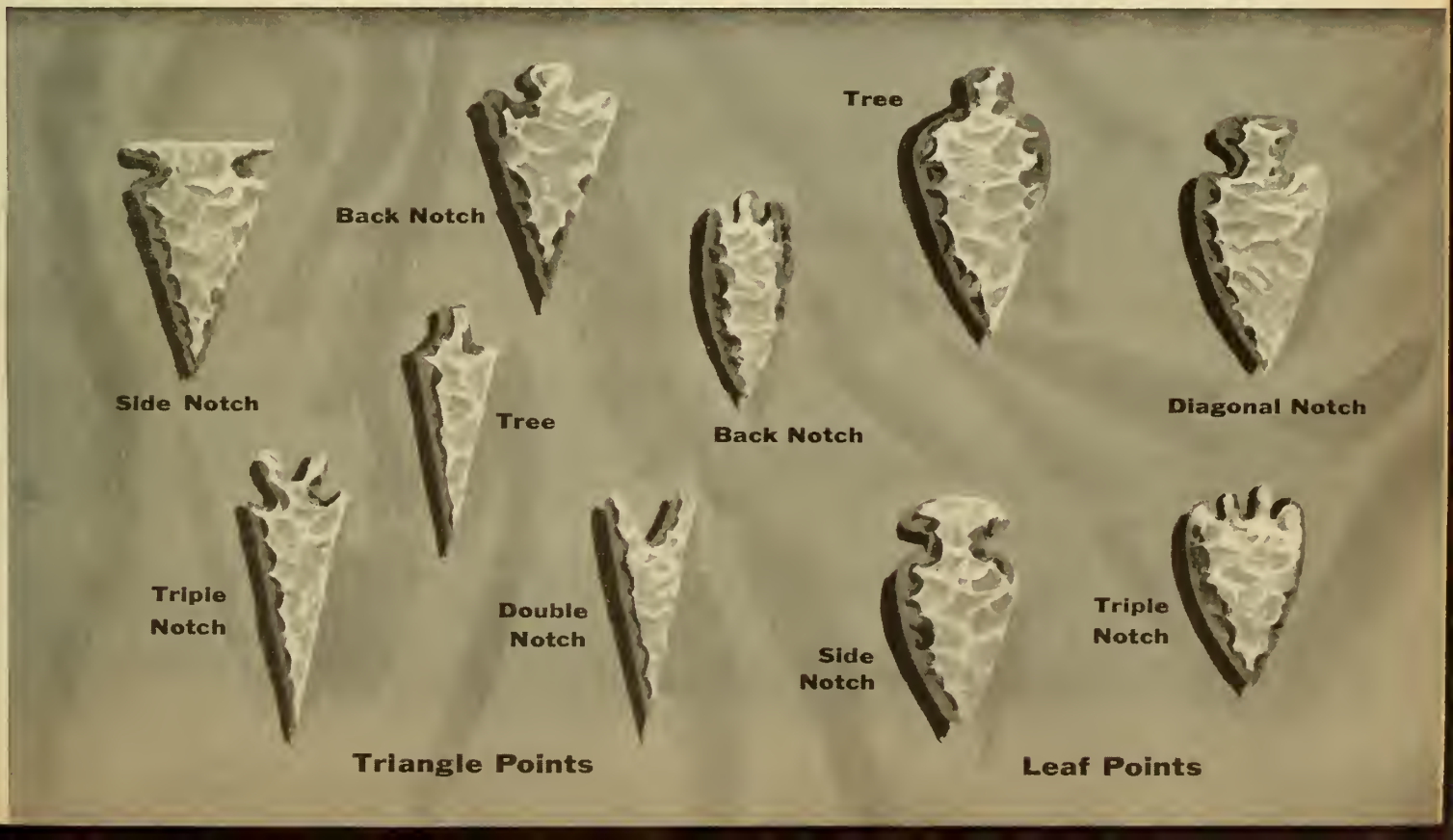
3. *Know what to look for.*

Most arrowheads are made of flint, chert, jasper, or obsidian; but the Indians also made them of argillite, chalcedony, quartz, slate, basalt, agate, petrified wood, bone, horn, and metal. After the white man came, the Indians also found the glass insulators on telegraph poles a source of raw material, much to the chagrin of the railroads.

Arrowheads come in two basic shapes—leaf (oval) and triangular—but there are many variations (see illustrations below). You also may find blunt points, commonly called "stunners." The Indians used them on large birds and small animals. Bird points may be only a quarter-inch long. Generally, any point longer than 2½ inches is classified as a spear point.

4. *Know what you have found.*

Most museum curators can help you determine the age, origin, and use of your discoveries. Before long,



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you will find yourself more and more interested in the people who made them, too.

5. *Know the laws.*

The federal government allows you to collect Indian artifacts—without a permit—*on the surface* of public lands, but you may not legally dig for them. If you do you are subject to a $500 fine and/or 90 days in jail. Federal and state laws protecting our parks and forests are strict.

6. *Watch out for fakes.*

As relics grow scarcer and the demand for them increases, more and more fakes are appearing. Make sure you are getting the genuine article before you buy. Many people now manufacture arrowheads and try to pass them off as the product of some Indian tribe. Get the help of an expert, or become one yourself by talking to other collectors and reading good books on the subject.

If you want to develop a real appreciation of the Indian's craftsmanship, you might try making a few arrowheads yourself. But you will need great patience and skill. The Indians did it by chipping or applying pressure on the raw material with tools of bone, horn, wood, or stone. Some of their arrowheads are works of art, such as the triangular point with a long, thin, fluted body. It has beveled and serrated edges, deep bifurcated notches, winged barbs, and an indented base.

The points were attached to arrow shafts with tar or pitch, then bound tightly with animal tendons or fiber strings.

We display our collections by arranging them attractively on cotton pads and mounting them in glass cases. Such cases cost from 50¢ to $10, and they are easily carried.

You will find your enthusiasm for collecting arrowheads mounting as you learn more about the people who made them and how they used them. There are few thrills to match that of picking up a point and wondering if some Indian brave lost it in battle or during the chase hundreds—or thousands—of years ago.

You do not have to take a trip to the Holy Land, or even to a desert to find artifacts of ancient civilizations. There may be some right in your own backyard. My boys and I have found arrowheads even while walking from the parsonage to the church. Love the great out of doors and you will enjoy arrowhead hunting and all of life!

Mrs. Turner: Through her, a church demonstrates its community responsibility.

CHURCH *Nurse* AT LUBBOCK

LUBBOCK is a thriving West Texas city with sunny streets and shining new buildings. Like cities everywhere, however, it has an older section where many residents are aging, frequently ill, and often unable to afford the regular medical attention they need. Unlike other cities, Lubbock has Mrs. Frank Turner, a small, kindly, competent person whose role as a church-sponsored visiting nurse looms large in the lives of hundreds. As a full-time staff member of 5,347-member First Methodist Church, she pioneered the program which, since 1946, has helped thousands with medicine, food, clothing, counsel, and words of comfort. But Ruth Turner's badge and white uniform represent more than these. To the suffering unfortunates of Lubbock she *is* The First Methodist Church—a woman whose service is a witness to Christ's compassionate and healing ministry on earth.

CHURCH *Nurse* (*continued*)

WHEN RUTH TURNER climbs into her station wagon to start her daily rounds, she attaches a list of patients to the sun visor over her seat and places a basket of food from the church in the back. Her first stop is at the home of a 91-year-old heart patient, where she makes a routine blood pressure check and chats for a few minutes. Next, she visits a Negro woman confined to a wheel chair with muscular dystrophy. There are shots to be given to a patient with agonizing rheumatism, to a post-operative cancer sufferer, to a 69-year-old man with a deadly liver ailment. So it goes—regardless of age, race, or church affiliation.

First Methodist's visiting-nurse program was made possible by a $25,000 endowment established by a philanthropic churchwoman, Mrs. Lila Lenning of Lubbock, who also allocates a $200-a-month income from rental property to augment the fund. Included in the program are record keeping, distribution of Salvation Army clothing, sponsorship of an "On Goers" club of Golden Agers, and regular checkups for church-school children—plus an annual Christmas party for some 85 children from the homes served.

A 12-member board—two doctors, two druggists, and eight laymen—supervises the visiting program. All patients are charity cases, and only those referred to the church by a doctor are accepted. With new names always on the list, Ruth Turner works seven days a week, her duties increasing from year to year. But she never complains.

"My constant prayer," she says, "is that God will give me the strength and wisdom to carry on to the best of my ability."

First Methodist's Christian concern extends beyond its own flock, crossing lines of class, color, and creed.

The Episode of the New Shoes . . .

When Mrs. Turner (left) surprised José with new shoes (below) her purse yielded a dime for extra shoestrings. He'll long remember the shoes' big, friendly feeling.

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NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH SCHOOLS SOON TO PROBE COMMUNISM

Three study units on Christianity and communism are planned for Methodist church schools within the next two years.

Dr. Henry M. Bullock, Nashville, editor of Methodist church-school publications, said that two units for adults and one unit for youths are definitely scheduled.

One of the adult units, written by Methodist Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, Los Angeles, Calif., will appear in *Adult Student* for September, 1962.

The other adult unit will be available in 1963. It will be based on the book, *What We Must Know About Communism,* by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet.

In April and May, 1962, a two-month course will appear in *Christian Action,* a youth publication.

Dr. Bullock said that many articles and editorials about communism have appeared in Methodist church-school publications within recent years. He said that in April, 1950, the *Adult Student* had a month-long study unit on *What's Wrong With Communism?*

The Methodist Curriculum Committee has approved the studies on Christianity and communism as well as five other curriculum areas for children in Methodist church schools. They are: (1) Life and Its Setting: The Meaning and Experience of Existence; (2) Revelation: The Meaning and Experience of God's Self-Disclosure; (3) Sonship: The Meaning and Experience of Redemption; (4) Vocation: The Meaning and Experience of Discipleship, and (5) The Church: The Meaning and Experience of Christian Community.

The new curriculum will be introduced in a completely new set of periodicals in September, 1964.

More Seeking Church Jobs

Increasing numbers of middle-aged persons wish to switch occupations and become full-time employees of The Methodist Church, according to the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations.

Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, chairman of the committee, declared that placement of these people presents problems as well as opportunities, and appointed a committee to study the current situation.

Methodism must find some way of "harnessing this splendid potential of

These men of Southside Methodist Church, Monroe, La., have won 25 or more members each to the church. In front (from left) are Pete Medak, Newt Horne, and Robert Breithaupt; in back, Jessie Brennon and H. L. Adams. Mr. Medak has won over 200 members to the church in two years. He was 1961 Layman of the Year in Louisiana.

BOAC'S HERITAGE TOURS FOR 1962

Seven departures of 28 days each: June 8, 15, 29; July 6, 13; August 17; September 14 Visiting Scotland, England, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and France. Cost? $1298 including round-trip economy airfare from New York, accommodations, land travel, sightseeing, even meals for the most part.

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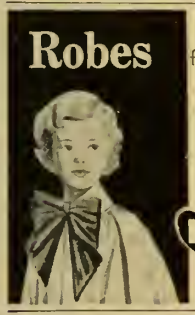

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manpower and womanpower for the service of the church," said Bishop Everett W. Palmer, Seattle, Wash., a committee member.

For 'Outpost Church Schools'

The Rev. Walter Towner, Nashville, Tenn., has urged that "outpost church schools" be established by Methodist churches across the nation to try to halt a decline in church-school enrollment.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Education, Mr. Towner said, "On the basis of the best figures so far available, we have lost 157,395 in church-school membership in 1961."

Mr. Towner, director of the department of general church-school work of the board's local-church division, said that sometimes the outpost church schools are started in homes, club halls, and even tents.

Meeting jointly with the 91-member board was the National Association of Methodist Schools and Colleges, which elected Dr. Willa B. Player as its president. Dr. Player, the first Negro and first woman so elected by the association, is president of Methodist-related Bennett College, Greensboro, N.C.

Methodist Agencies Move

Five national agencies and two branch offices of national units of The Methodist Church have moved to the newly completed Methodist building at 1200 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

The national agencies—all formerly located at 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.—are: Methodist Board of Pensions, Dr. Charles L. Calkins, general secretary; Council on World Service and Finance, Dr. Don A. Cooke, general secretary and treasurer; Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, Dr. Elliott L. Fisher, general secretary; Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary; and Methodist Board of Lay Activities, Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary.

Branch offices moving to Evanston were: a printing sales office of the Methodist Publishing House (national headquarters, Nashville, Tenn.), Victor W. Schultz in charge; and an office of the Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information (headquarters, New York), Dr. Arthur West, director.

Also moving from the Rush Street address were the Methodist Publishing House's North Central Regional Service Center and the editorial and advertising offices of TOGETHER and CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE—all now located at 1661 North Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill.

Offices of Dr. J. Otis Young, associate publisher of the Methodist Publishing House, and Dr. Leland D.

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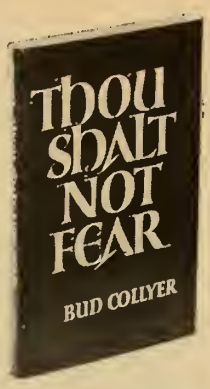

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Case, editorial director of TOGETHER/CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, are now in the Chicago Temple at 79 West Washington St., Chicago.

U.S. Court Rules for MPH In Labor Practices Charge

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit has set aside a charge of unfair labor practices brought against the Methodist Publishing House by the National Labor Relations Board.

NLRB had contended that three employees in MPH's San Francisco, Calif., location had been discharged in 1960 because of their labor-union activities. It sought to have the three reinstated.

Upholding the Publishing House's contention that the employees had been discharged for cause, the court said:

"The board [NLRB] relied upon speculation and surmise and not on established fact. We find that there is not substantial evidence to support the examiner's conclusion of employer's interference with union activity and the board's finding and order must be vacated and enforcement must be denied."

In March, 1961, MPH's employees voted against union organization by 42 to 16.

Dr. Bosley Named To Succeed Dr. Sockman

Dr. Harold A. Bosley has been named by Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of the New York Area to succeed Dr. Ralph W. Sockman as pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City.

Dr. Bosley has been pastor of First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., since 1950. Previously he was dean of the Duke University Divinity School from 1947 to 1950; pastor of Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Baltimore, Md., 1938 to 1947, and director of religious activities at Iowa State Teachers College, 1934 to 1938.

Dr. Bosley

Born in Burchard, Nebr., he was admitted to the ministry on trial in the Nebraska Annual Conference in 1925, and in full connection in 1932.

Dr. Sockman, Christ Church's pastor since 1917, retired December 31.

To Study Conference Mergers

A special meeting to help explore problems involved in the proposed merger of the Central Jurisdiction with the geographical jurisdictions of The Methodist Church has been called for March 26 to 28 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., St. Louis, president of the Central Jurisdiction College of Bishops, said that "a number of individuals" will meet at the request of the Committee of Five, which was authorized by the 1960 Central Jurisdictional Conference.

Members of the Committee of Five are: Richard C. Erwin, Winston-Salem, N.C., attorney; Dr. J. H. Graham, Philadelphia, Pa., member of the Methodist Board of Missions' Division of National Missions; Dr. John J. Hicks, pastor of Union Memorial Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. W. Astor Kirk, Washington, D.C., member of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns' Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs; and Dr. James S. Thomas, Nashville, Tenn., member of the Methodist Board of Education's Division of Higher Education.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

MARCH

1—Annual meeting Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission, San Francisco, Calif.
5-7—South Central Jurisdiction Convocation, Dallas, Tex.
7—Ash Wednesday.
9—World Day of Prayer.
11—First Sunday in Lent (Day of Dedication).
13-15—Regional Seminar on Christian Vocations, Atlanta, Ga.
20-22—Regional Seminar on Christian Vocations, McAlester, Okla.
23-24—Seminar on Narcotics, Drew University, Madison, N.J.
27-29—Regional Seminar on Christian Vocations, Painted Post, N.Y.
WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*Women's Changing Status*, by Mrs. Margaret Bender; Circle program—*The Great Physician Is Still Healing*, by Mrs. Harold Brewster.

Help Needed in Relocating Cubans Outside Miami Area

A Miami, Fla., Methodist pastor is asking local congregations and individuals outside the Miami area to assist in finding employment and housing for Cuban refugees.

Dr. Harold E. Buell, pastor of White Temple Methodist Church, said the influx of 75,000 refugees from Cuba had created critical school and job problems in Miami. "The situation is aggravated," he added, "because some Americans fear that the refugees will take their jobs at lower wages."

With many of the Cubans on relief and unemployed, Miami officials also fear a rise in juvenile delinquency, prostitution, and mob violence.

Relief agencies aid the refugees with food and clothing, and an evangelistic program has been set up.

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The Rev. William F. Mathys opens contributions mailed by teen-agers.

Teen-age Mail Aids Church

Teen-agers have won the hearts of First Methodist Church congregation in Anderson, Ind.

A campaign to rebuild the 130-year-old church, destroyed by fire a year ago, was mentioned on the air by a Chicago radio disc jockey. Soon letters began to pour in from Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish teen-agers in 21 states. To date, their contributions—mostly in dimes—have added almost $500 to the building fund.

The Rev. William F. Mathys, minister of the church, said the rebuilding project would cost about $975,000.

Looking Back to 1961

The World Methodist Conference in Oslo, Norway, and the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches in New Delhi, India, topped the list of important religious news stories in 1961.

At New Delhi the Russian Orthodox Church was admitted to WCC membership, and Charles C. Parlin, an Englewood, N.J., Methodist, became one of the first two WCC lay presidents.

More than 2,000 delegates attended the Tenth World Methodist Conference, and the World Methodist Coun-

CENTURY CLUB

Another Methodist who has passed the 100 mark joins TOGETHER'S *Century Club this month. She is:*

Mrs. Malinda Roberts, 106, Morgan, Minn.

More names of Methodists, 100 or older, will be listed as they are received. Please allow two months for publication.

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cil's constitution was revised to bring about a closer relationship of the 40 member bodies in 76 countries. Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of the Philadelphia Area was installed as the new council president.

Other religious-news headlines: Catholic demands that parochial schools be included in any federal aid to education, controversy over the morality of fallout shelters, activities of extremist anticommunist groups, inauguration of President Kennedy's Peace Corps, and the upholding of Sunday closing laws by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Of particular interest to Methodists were the proposed merger with the United Presbyterian Church in the USA, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the United Church of Christ; apparent defeat of proposed Amendment XII to the Methodist Constitution; arrest and imprisonment of five American Methodist missionaries in Portuguese Angola; Castro's nationalization of Cuban Methodist Schools, and Methodism's climb to a membership of 10 million.

Bishop Hiram A. Boaz Dies

Retired Methodist Bishop Hiram Abiff Boaz died January 2 at the age of 95 in Dallas, Tex.

Bishop Boaz

Bishop Boaz was elected to the episcopacy in 1922 and served as resident bishop of Japan, Korea, Siberia, and China from 1922 to 1926. He was bishop of the Arkansas-Oklahoma Area from 1926 to 1930, and of the Texas Area from 1930 until his retirement in 1938.

Born in Murray, Ky., he was reared in Texas and received his education there.

Bishop Boaz entered the ministry on trial in the Northwest Texas Conference in 1889, and was admitted in full connection in 1891. During his ministry he served the Bartlet and Jonah Circuits, was junior pastor and preacher at Georgetown Station and First Church, Fort Worth, and pastor at Mulkey Memorial Church, Fort Worth, and churches at Abilene and Dublin.

He served Southern Methodist University both as vice-president and president, and was president of Polytechnic College, Fort Worth, and Texas Women's College, Fort Worth.

Funeral services were held in Dallas on January 4 with Methodist bishops William C. Martin, A. Frank Smith, and Paul E. Martin officiating. Survivors include his wife, three daughters, four grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

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Shown from left are Merritt Ackland; Dr. Charles Smith, pastor at Wesley; standing the Rev. Carl Baker; Peter Hostetler, pitcher Russ Kemmerer, and Michael McIntyre.

Pitcher Entering Pulpit

Major league baseball pitcher Russ Kemmerer plans to study for the ministry in The Methodist Church.

The Chicago White Sox player, who lives with his wife and three children in Bloomington, Ill., was approved recently for studies leading to a local preacher's license.

Approved along with Mr. Kemmerer were Peter Hostetler and Michael McIntyre. All are members of the Wesley Methodist Church in Bloomington. The Sox pitcher presently teaches a senior church-school class.

"I've thought about this sort of thing a lot," he said. "I knew I would like to coach or work with young people in one way or another."

Woman Editor Retires

Mrs. C. A. Meeker retired January 1 after 12 years as editor of *The Methodist Woman*, official organ of the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Her career in church-related work extended over 28 years.

Mrs. Meeker

The editors of *World Outlook*—Methodist missions magazine—presented Mrs. Meeker its Methodist of the Year award for 1961. The award was given Mrs. Meeker for her "outstanding service to missionary enterprise of The Methodist Church," the editors said.

Methodists in the News

Dr. Harry C. Spencer, Nashville, Tenn., has been elected cochairman and presiding officer of the World Association for Christian Broadcasting.

Miss Clara Howard, Kathleen, Ga., received an award from the Korean National Education Association for her

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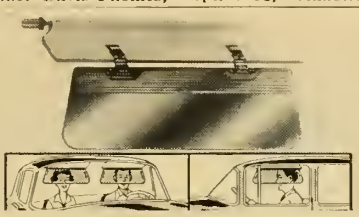

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LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffytan, White, Black. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back. Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: $5.95 plus 50c post. **MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 58-YC Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.**

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Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that reflect light! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rust-proof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Perfect for gifts! Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 441-1 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

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109 STAMPS plus 88 FLAGS OF THE WORLD 10¢

What a bargain! You get the stamps shown here — plus Germany Sputnik Stamp, Australia Antarctic Explorers, Formosa Ancient Fortress, French India Mystic Goddess. Grand total 109 stamps—all different! You also receive 88 Flags of the World in full color. All this for 10¢ to introduce our Bargain Approvals, Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps included FREE. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Gold Ribbon Winner at Illinois State Fair gives you her recipe for

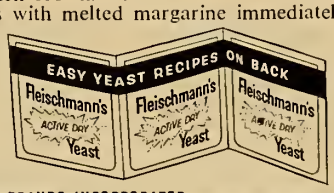
Roanoke Rolls

"This recipe has been a favorite of mine for years," says Miss Olivia Kempf of Roanoke, Illinois. "And last year it won me the Gold Ribbon for the best yeast baking at the Illinois State Fair. I hope you'll try my recipe soon. And be sure to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so dependable, and always fast rising. I know you'll have good luck with Fleischmann's, too."

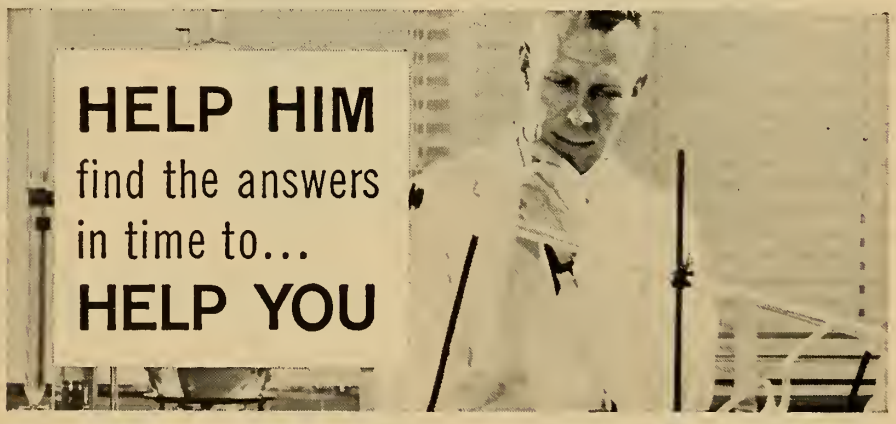
ROANOKE ROLLS *Makes about 5 dozen rolls*

1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
6 tablespoons Fleischmann's Margarine
1 cup very warm water
2 packages or cakes Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed
3 eggs, beaten
9 cups sifted flour (about)

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt, and margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Measure very warm water into large bowl. Sprinkle or crumble in Fleischmann's Yeast; stir to dissolve. Blend in lukewarm milk mixture, beaten eggs, and half the flour. Beat until smooth. Add remaining flour until dough cleans sides of bowl. Turn out onto lightly floured board. Knead until smooth, about 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl; turn to grease all sides. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled, about 1¼ hours. Divide in half. Roll out each half about ⅜-inch thick. Cut with 2½-inch biscuit cutter. Crease heavily through center with dull edge of knife; brush lightly with melted margarine. Fold over so edges just meet; seal. Place in greased shallow pans with rolls touching. Cover. Let rise in warm place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 350°F. 20-25 minutes until golden brown. Remove from oven. Brush tops with melted margarine immediately.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED



Diseases of the heart and blood vessels are still the leading cause of death.

But exciting advances in treatment and prevention are being made.

Today America's research scientists are on the verge of important breakthroughs in the control of heart diseases. They need your Heart Fund dollars more than ever now — to expand their research and speed their victory over America's #1 killer.

More will LIVE *the more you* GIVE

HEART FUND

(*Space Contributed by* TOGETHER)

Methodist Bishop Herbert Welch, who was 99 on November 7, observed his 100th Christmas in 1961. He is shown at Interchurch Center in N.Y.

work in helping to establish the kindergarten system in Korea. She has been a missionary to Korea since 1923.

Burke Pease, 17, San Francisco, Calif., has been named 1961 Junior Achievement President of the Year. He is the son of Methodist Chaplain (Capt.) and Mrs. Paul M. Pease.

Dr. Robert M. Zollinger, Columbus, Ohio, is the new president of the American College of Surgeons—the largest such organization in the world.

DeWitt C. LeFevre, Beaver Falls, N.Y., was presented a 1961 American Success Story Award by the Free Enterprise Awards Association.

Dr. Curry, Miss Stanley, Mr. Detrick.

Receives Contest Award

Miss Lois G. Stanley, Huntington, W.Va., has received a $100 cash award and a citation as winner of TOGETHER's new hymn contest.

Dr. George M. Curry, associate publisher of the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., presented the award at the Highlawn Methodist Church, Huntington.

The Rev. R. Blaine Detrick, pastor at

Highlawn, said that Miss Stanley is a music teacher at Highlawn Elementary School.

A contest is under way now to set Miss Stanley's winning hymn to music. [See *Beginning: The Quest for Music*, February 1962, page 31.]

Vancouver Prays for Peace

Eighty Vancouver, Wash., churches held a 24-hour prayer vigil concerning "Prayer for World Peace With Freedom."

On January 28, each church had a program devoted to world peace and kept torches burning in front of the church symbolizing the people's desire for peace. The program was under the leadership of a committee of laymen from the churches.

Missionaries Die in Crash

The Rev. Murray S. Dickson, 46, Hillsboro, Tex., and Dr. Louis Tatom III, 34, Gainesville, Fla., both Methodist missionaries to Bolivia, were killed December 16 in an automobile crash in the Andes Mountains.

Their car was forced from a narrow mountain road by a truck and plunged 1,500 feet down a cliffside.

CAMERA CLIQUE

***Puzzled by Depth of Field?** No need to be! It's simply a term used to describe that portion of a scene in front of your camera which will be in sharp focus. Example: the lower-left picture on page 40. Here all between the stairs and the painting is sharp. The photographer did it this way:*

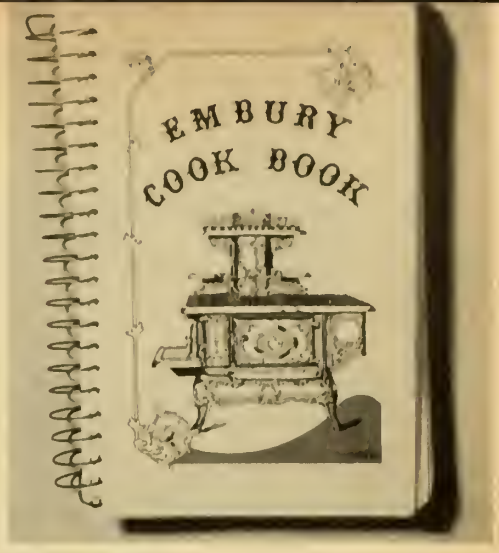
First, he focused on the stairs and found them eight feet away. Similarly, he found the painting was 15 feet from the camera. Then, to determine maximum depth of field, he centered the footage scale on his camera [see picture above] midway between the two distances and saw that he should focus at 10 feet with an aperture of f/11 to have all between 8 and 15 feet in focus. Finally, he checked his light meter to find the proper shutter speed at f/11 for the light present.

Most focusing cameras have a depth of field scale above the lens or on the focusing knob. Learn to use it—your pictures will show the difference!

Here are photo credits for this issue: Cover and Pages 2-3—WCC Photo by John P. Taylor • 8—Harold McConnaughey • 13—Photo-Lill • 15—*Chicago Sun-Times* • 17—FBI • 22-23-24—Colonial Williamsburg Photo by John Crane • 25—Iowa Methodist Information • 37-38-40 L.-42-44 Top—Raymond W. Cripps • 39-40-41-43 Top R.-44 Bot. R.—World Methodist Council • 43 Bot.—Leland D. Case • 44 Bot. L.—John Street Church, New York • 53—Doubleday & Co., Inc. • 71—RNS • 74 Bot.—Photography, Inc., Top—M. I. Co., Inc. • 45-62-63-65-66-67-77-78-79—George P. Miller.

FEEDING FIFTY

Pork Chop Casserole: *Adaptable and Delectable*



Under the old-timey cover of this church cookbook are dishes as good as mother used to make—as well as recipes as modern as tomorrow.

THE REV. Parks W. Jordan of Westside Methodist Church, Geneva, Ala., chuckled when I asked if some of the ladies there would like to try a *Feeding Fifty* recipe for pork chop casserole. "What do you mean, the ladies?" he said. "We men would."

Westside Methodist Men is one of the oldest clubs in the area, dating back to December 31, 1945, and the men are proud of their charter. They're also proud of their cooking, and with good reason.

At my suggestion, they served Pork Chop Casserole at one of their monthly dinners. "Delicious!" they reported. "And very easy to prepare!"

The recipe came from the *Embury Cook Book*, a volume of family-tested recipes and cookery lore compiled by the Wesleyan Service Guild of Embury Methodist Church in Queens Village, N.Y. It's a dish that can be made for any number of people at home or at church:

Pork Chop Casserole

Place number of pork chops desired in baking dish. On each chop put 2 tablespoons of uncooked rice, a ring of onion, and a ring of green pepper. Pour canned tomatoes over chops and rice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover entire mixture with water and bake in a 350-degree oven until the rice is soft (about 1½ hours). Continue adding water during baking as needed.

The *Embury Cook Book* is a thick, spiral-bound volume put out in 1953. From the church history in the front, I learned that Queens Village is really part of New York City. The church was established in 1926 as the First Methodist Church of Queens Village. In 1948, however, Embury Methodist Church of Brooklyn, which had closed, asked the Queens Village church if it would like to carry on the Embury name in memory of Philip Embury, the young Irish immigrant who founded the first Methodist Society in New York. It would, and has done so.

Leafing on through the gaily illustrated pages, I found some fascinating recipes and any number of imaginative hints. For instance, a big squeeze of lemon juice will do big things for fried or broiled liver. And, a few chopped raw cranberries in cole slaw or Waldorf salad add color and flavor.

For MYFers, here are a couple of tantalizing questions: Did you ever drop a big spoonful of vanilla ice cream into steaming hot cocoa? Or mix honey into crushed pineapple and pour over ice cream?

I'm much interested in church cookbooks, as anybody can tell by examining my book shelves. I'm just as interested in good quantity recipes, shortcuts, serving ideas, and other suggestions that can be passed along to help other churches. I hope you'll write to me at TOGETHER's new address: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill.

—SALLY WESLEY

Raise MONEY Quickly

TAKING ORDERS FOR CORRESPONDENCE NOTES EACH WITH A

PHOTO of your CHURCH

CLUB, SCHOOL, HOSPITAL, ETC.

These attractive Boxes of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes are quickly, easily sold for only $1 per box. *Generous profits for your Group.* Friends, neighbors buy on sight. For FREE samples and tested Money-Making Plans just write:

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for miscellaneous items of general interest to TOGETHER readers such as: Sale of personal property; Requests for items wanted; Service offers of interest to individuals or local churches; Help wanted; Positions wanted; Hobby materials or exchanges; Houses or camps for rent; Tours. No Agents wanted or Opportunity for profit advertising. Rate: Minimum charge—$10.50 (14 words). 75c each additional word. CLOSING DATE SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION (15th). For use of "Box No. . . . TOGETHER": add $1.00. Address TOGETHER—Classified Dept., Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

FOR SALE

USED PEWS FOR SALE, Bucklin, Kansas Methodist Church. Pews are auditorium type, five or more in a unit. 275 seats. $100 each at Bucklin. Write Rev. E. J. Vaughan, Bucklin, Kansas. Less money if buyer takes all.

HELP WANTED

DIRECTOR OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION—woman (25-45) preferably certified by The Methodist Church. Full direction of the Education Program. New Church and church school building, consecrated in 1958, suburban. Church School membership—800. Write—Dr. Lewis F. Ransom, 501 Hampton Lane, Towson 4, Maryland.

AN EXPERIENCED DIRECTOR OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION for Methodist Church in Chicago suburbs. Church School enrollment over 1500, average attendance over 700, Church Membership 2100. Loyal Methodist, interested in working in a growing church. Contact First Methodist Church, 1903 E. Euclid, Arlington Heights, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

OVER 60? ALONE? Too much house to handle? Would like to find about 20 good Christians in similar circumstances to join me in living in small well-run hotel in southern Georgia. If interested we can exchange references and information. Rooms $75 per month and up. Meals as you like in Coffee Shop. Fine cook. Mrs. H. J. Maddox, Hotel Bon Air, Bainbridge, Ga.

POSITION WANTED

MUSIC DIRECTOR. EXCELLENT QUALIFICATIONS. Could combine with other duties. Duane Heidenreich, 14 Buswell, Boston, Mass.

TOURS

DON'T WAIT! EUROPEAN-PALESTINE TOUR 1962, including Middle East, superior accommodations, personalized travel, with experienced conductor and reliable travel bureau. Rev. Lester K. Welch, 320 Hamilton Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

WORLD TOURS—TWO EXCITING ECONOMICAL around-the-world tours. 16 countries: Japan, HOLY LAND, Formosa, Philippines, Viet Nam, Cambodia, India, RUSSIA, Europe, Egypt, etc. July 16-Sept. 1. Includes sightseeing, lectures by competent foreigners, and conferences with foreign Heads of State, Ambassadors, Editors, Educators, and Missionaries. Visit Methodist missions. No other Tour can offer what we do. Get our folder and see for yourself. Write: World Seminar Tours, 622 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

LETTERS (*continued from page 10*)

a living man to portray the Christ. But how we have changed!

There is not a church in the land that may not have its tawdry two-cent pageant with a great display of cotton beards, Turkish-towel head dresses, and robes made of old sheets, faded curtains, burlap bags, and old-fashioned mantle drapes. And there is not a sinner in the church who may not aspire to put on a wig and beard, and play the gentle Jesus. It makes one long for the dignity and austerity of Judaism or Islam!

Rembrandt . . . Durer

W. GREENWOOD
Hawera, New Zealand

Your December issue shows Rembrandt's *Adoration of the Shepherds* on the cover. This masterpiece was used by the New Zealand Post Office on the

Christmas issue 2d stamp in 1960. This year appears Durer's *Adoration of the Magi* on a 2½d stamp. The postage on Christmas cards had gone up meantime.

All good wishes for the coming year!

He OKs Katy Line Pictorial

JOHN H. KELLER, *President*
Lodge No. 200
Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen
Lima, Ohio

For months there has been a note on my desk to write you a letter of thanks for the excellent feature *Brakeman on the Katy Line* [July, 1960, page 24]. You certainly did an outstanding job in describing the life of a family whose husband and father is in train service on the M-K-T railroad.

As an active Methodist and an officer in the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, I can vouch for the truth of your presentation. It was unusual.

He'll Go On Sending Cards!

DAVID L. KREJSTA
Gary, Ind.

I cannot agree with Gerald Forshey [Powwow, *Do Christmas Cards Miss the Point?* December, 1961, page 23] that "goodwill and human love" are "mush." Rather, goodwill and human love are God-given things which may help make life bearable.

Moreover, a sincere expression of human feeling, in Christmas cards or elsewhere, is a religious act. To express love is Christlike, so why should we stop expressing love at Christmas, that most love-blessed of seasons? Christ is life, not apart from it. I can better serve God through loving my fellows than through the contemplation of an abstraction.

In this spirit I intend to keep on sending Christmas cards.

Ban McGuffey Reader Ad?

ROBERT W. SACHTJEN, *Pastor*
Hudson, Wis.

I was disturbed to see an ad in TOGETHER advertising *McGuffey's Readers* [December, 1961, page 54]. I don't believe it is becoming for a church magazine to allow itself to get involved in a controversy of this nature. This smacks too much of Birchism and other superpatriotic groups that are making an effort to undermine America.

Why a 'Merrie' Christmas?

MRS. HENRY CRUME
Herrick, S.Dak.

Having been told to "Keep Christ in Christmas," I was shocked to open our December issue and find *He* [Charles Dickens] *Made Christmas Merrie* [page 2].

Christmas is not only a holy time but also a good time to help non-Christians learn about Jesus our Savior, his birth, and what it means to all who believe he is God's Son. One of our responsibilities as Christians is to set good examples for others.

MSM—No Black Eye Giver!

JOSEPH W. BROWNRIGG
Baldwin, Kans.

What gave birth to Christianity? What nurtured it and gave it strength to be "in, but not of, the world"? Is it not the reality that Jesus Christ, the Light of the World, is Lord? This is basic in the Methodist Student Movement.

A letter appeared in the December, 1961, issue [*MSM Giving Us Black Eye?* page 8] from a woman who evidently doesn't understand either this basic part of Christianity or the program of the Methodist Student Movement.

Speaking strictly for myself, I would challenge any Methodist to show me a part of our church in which more is being done to show that Jesus Christ is the Light of the World. Show me, if you can, a part of our church in which a person has a better opportunity to become a "new creation," a new soldier with Jesus as our Lord, and God as our Father—the Father of all men.

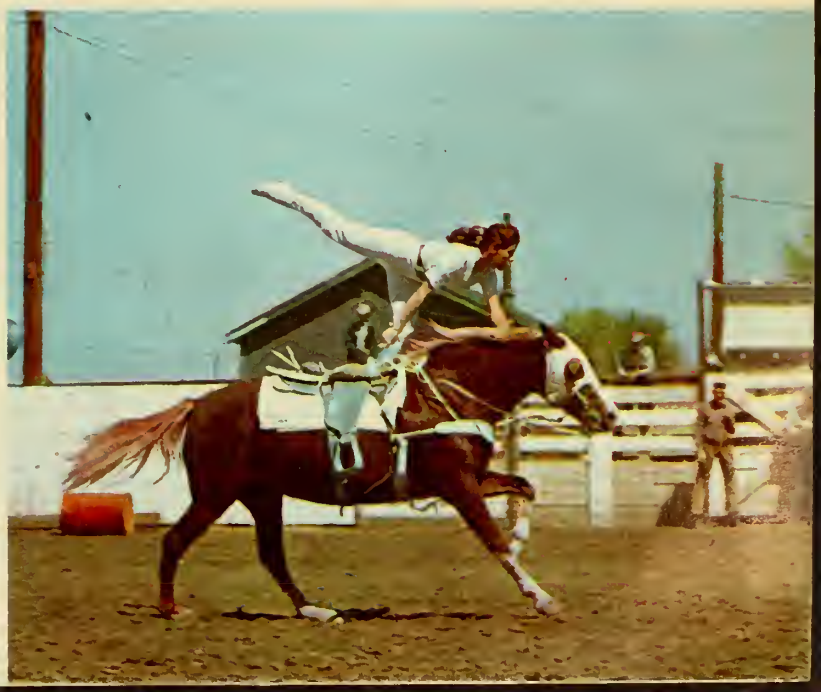
The MSM giving us a black eye? If seeking truth, sharing love, and giving to all the Light of the World will give us a black eye, let's get all we can!

Bidding for the $1,000 top prize, this cowboy on a sure-footed cutting horse separates a calf from the herd.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY—AND COWGIRL!

Methodist Men at Fallon, Nev., stage the World's Championship Cutting Horse Contest.

NO DOUBT about it, the day belongs to the cowboy's trusty cutting horse—a highly trained animal with the incredible sureness and quickness of foot, the change of pace, and intelligence needed to separate a stubborn cow or calf from the milling herd. Some 2,500 fans thronged Fallon's fairgrounds to watch the best of these remarkable steeds and their daredevil riders vie for championship honors at the fifth annual Western Weekend rodeo sponsored by Methodist Men of Fallon's Epworth Church. Even those who did not properly appreciate horses and hard riding savored a slow-cooked barbecue, Western style, before the show. Admission to both: adults $2, children $1. "Fund raising is a necessity in almost any organization," editorialized the Fallon *Eagle-Standard,* "but it seems this method that the Methodist Men use to raise money for their many activities is the most painless way of any we know."



Hometown trick rider: Lois Ann Lewis, 13, is a member of the Fallon MYF which will get $60 of the show's proceeds for its camp fund.

Assignment: Race around three barrels and return to the starting line. The winner did it in 17 seconds!

Try it sometime: Leap astride an unbroken steed, spur him on, and stay in the saddle to win a wild-horse race.

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

New York Area

BISHOP
Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR
Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3 MARCH, 1962

Area United Evangelistic Mission April 1-8

Methodist Prints

Chosen "Methodist of the Year" by World Outlook, *Mrs. C. A. Meeker, left, retiring editor of* The Methodist Woman, *is presented orchid by Mrs. Lloyd Wicke.*

Dr. A. A. Brown Dies

Dr. Arlo Ayres Brown, president of Drew University from 1929 to 1948, died December 19 in Wilmington, Del., following an illness of many months. He was 76.

He had been president of the University of Chattanooga from 1921 to 1929.

Dr. Brown was born in 1885 in Sunbeam, Ill. He was ordained in 1907, and that year became assistant pastor of Madison Avenue Methodist Church, New York City. He became superintendent of Teacher Training, Board of Sunday Schools, Methodist Episcopal Church in 1914 and served as an Army Chaplain from 1918 to 1919.

He was a delegate to the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Church in 1939, and was vice-president and president of the Methodist Educational Association from 1938-1940.

The Arlo Ayres Brown Lectureship, established by an anonymous gift of $35,000, was made to the Graduate School of Drew University to honor him as the University's sixth president.

Missionaries Adopted

Under the direction of the Board of Missions, the Sandyston (N.J.) church has adopted a missionary family, the Rev. and Mrs. Guy Garrett, who are serving in Ipoh, Malaya.

NY District Adds Church

There is a new baby in the New York District of the New York East Conference.

It started as an Independent church with a Spanish-speaking congregation and a Methodist minister from Costa Rica. With the encouragement of Dr. Henry C. Whyman of the New York City Society and District Superintendent E. Leslie Wood, it voted to become a Methodist Church.

It was admitted to the New York East Conference as the Evangelical Methodist Church and is thriving under the leadership of the Rev. Juan Sosa Rodriguez with a Sunday congregation which totals between 200 and 250.

The pastor does not speak English so in the negotiations which resulted in its Conference membership, the Rev. Alfredo Cotto-Thorner served as interpreter. He also translated Bishop Wicke's address at the welcoming service.

The church is located at 612 E. 141st St.

Reversing the Process

A mortgage is something a church usually tries to get rid of—but Methodists in Calvary Church, Elizabeth (N.J.)

(Continued on page A-2)

Callers Now Being Trained and Prospect Lists Prepared

Preparations are under way in more than 1,000 churches in the New York Area for the United Evangelistic Mission scheduled for April 1-8.

Prospect lists are being compiled and callers are being trained this month for the week of visitation. The "timetable" also calls for prayer services and special communications to prospective members.

Bishop Wicke has recorded a message which will be sent to each church to be heard by workers, callers and officials.

Dr. Allen E. Claxton of Broadway Temple-Washington Heights Church, New York City, is chairman of the UEM. The Rev. Alden Smith, Newark Conference is secretary and Charles E. Gillespie, vice-president, Harlem Savings Bank, treasurer.

New Faces—New Places

Troy Conference

The Rev. Richard Baker is supplying at Bloomingdale. The Rev. Richard Campbell is at Keeseville and Harkness and the Rev. Nelson Burns at Fair Haven and North Granville. The Rev. Benjamin C. Jones is at Schuyler Falls, Morrisonville and Peasleeville.

D'Arlene Studio

A Fellowship in Communications study has been established by TRAFCO in honor of Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, minister emeritus of Christ Church, New York City. It will provide a minimum grant of $3,500 annually to a qualified candidate.

Shown at Protestant Council luncheon honoring Dr. Sockman are from left: Bishop Donald H. Tippett, TRAFCO president; Dr. and Mrs. Sockman; and Dr. Robert E. Goodrich of Dallas (Tex.) who announced establishment of grant.

REVERSING THE PROCESS

(Continued from page A-1)

have reversed the process in a good cause.

They have mortgaged their parsonage in order to purchase a parsonage for the minister of their Spanish-speaking congregation, the Rev. Arturo Smester, a native of the Dominican Republic.

The church is purchasing an old house for $8,000 and will spend about $2,000 to improve it. The Newark Conference Board of Missions is contributing $1,000 to the project.

So much zeal has been generated among the laymen that when they heard of a bus for sale near Buffalo for $100, a group went up to get it and it is now being used to transport children to church school.

To Share Lectureship

An area minister has been selected to be one of the two lecturers at the annual Convocation on Preaching February 26 and 27 at Boston School of Theology.

Dr. Edgar N. Jackson, pastor of the Mamaroneck (N.Y.) Church and author of two books on preaching, will lecture on communication and therapeutic values in preaching. Dr. Robert McCracken, pastor of Riverside Church, New York City, will be the other lecturer.

Centenary Notes

Dr. B. Davie Napier, Holmes professor of Old Testament criticism and interpretation at the Yale University Divinity School, led religious emphasis week. The theme was "Biblical Faith and Human Existence."

• *Spilled Ink,* the college newspaper, is read in three foreign countries and 32 states, according to the publisher's statement to the Hackettstown Post Office.

THE BISHOP WRITES

'Homer Davis'

A presentation speech was being made with the honored guest quite oblivious to the fact that *he* was the object of the gala occasion. The speaker began, "This is the month in which the birthdays of many famous men occur. These include Victor Herbert, Horace Greeley, Sidney Lanier, Charles Lindbergh, Mark Hopkins, Dwight L. Moody, Babe Ruth, General Sherman, Thomas Edison, John L. Lewis, Susan B. Anthony, President George Washington. . . . A voice interrupted the calling of the roll, "And Homer Davis." The voice *was* the voice of Homer Davis.

There were those who smiled at this impish interpolation. The speaker *had* planned to add his name to the roll for in truth he belonged in this select company.

Who was Homer Davis? The superintendent of our Church School, self-taught, literate, consecrated, devout, consistent Christian.

Here was a man who had a sensitive sense of stewardship in its manifold aspects. Talent had been granted him by his Lord. Over the years he had sharpened the tools of his learning far beyond the measure that could be "normally" expected. He had started life as a "pit boy" in the mines. When we knew him he was a graduate electrical engineer, knowledgeable, intelligent, perceptive. Time was a jewel but he shared it with his task in the church in almost reckless abandon. Treasure he had earned beyond his fairest dreams and shared that too in a multitude of ways. Most of them were seldom, if ever, known to others in that community. Was it any wonder that his name should be coupled with the elite? Not at all. He belonged in that company. Over this land, scattered wide, is a small host of those who call his name blessed.

Every church has its particular "Homer Davis." If only the number would be increased. AND WHY NOT!

The Grace of God is unlimited.

LLOYD C. WICKE

Church Exceeds Goal

An outstanding example of success in the Newark Conference Faith in Action Crusade is reported at Rockaway Church in the Western District.

The church was asked for $12,060 and has pledged $20,300.

Early returns indicate that the Conference is within $900,000 of the goal of $2,150,000.

Happy swimmers at Centenary College, Hackettstown (N.J.) admire flowers at opening of new natatorium. From left are Miss Bette Rhoads, physical education division chairman; President Edward W. Seay, and Barbara Hatch, Aquatic Club president.

Chaplain Donald S. Stacey and NBC Commentator Gabe Pressman recall airplane disaster of December, 1960, in TV interview at Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn.

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Feeling is seeing to Layman Eric Carlson.

Feels to See

Seeing may be believing—but feeling is "seeing" to Eric Carlson, a member of King's Highway Church, Brooklyn (N.Y.).

Mr. Carlson has read from the Braille Bible on Laymen's Sunday for the last five years. He is associated with The Lighthouse in New York City, translating books into Braille and doing rehabilitation work with the blind.

He is a graduate of Columbia University (Phi Beta Kappa) and the New York University Law School.

Mr. Carlson travels to work alone on the subway counting his steps to make the necessary changes. He and his wife walk two miles to church each Sunday.

The picture above shows him in the pulpit on Laymen's Sunday.

Drew's News

The Summer Study Abroad Program at Drew University will be offered as a course for credit in political science next summer. David Gray, assistant professor of political science and Harold Emery, assistant professor of history, will serve as tour leaders. The study group will sail from New York City aboard the S.S. Groote Beer, June 27 and return September 16.

• A tropical acquarium has been given to the University Center by the Beta Beta Beta life science honorary.

• Julius J. Mastro, instructor in political science, has been appointed Drew's liaison officer for the Peace Corps.

• The National Poetry Association will publish two poems by Drew students in a forthcoming college anthology. The poems are *Perennial* by James Knapp of Morristown (N.J.) and *Domicile* by William Swaine of Denville (N.J.).

• Bishop Everett W. Palmer of the Seattle Area, spoke to theological students and interviewed those interested in the Pacific Northwest Area.

• The Hillel Society was host to Rabbi Israel Dresna who spoke on *Freedom Movement in America.*

• Mrs. Adelaide Deutsch, Department of Occupational Therapy, Columbia University Medical School, spoke to the Psychology-Sociology Club on *Careers in Therapy.*

Laymen to Hear Parlin

Charles C. Parlin, recently elected to the six-member presidium of the World Council of Churches, will address Newark Conference laymen March 2 at the annual fellowship dinner in the Drew University gymnasium.

He will discuss the World Methodist Council session held last summer in Oslo, Norway, and the World Council Assembly in New Delhi, India.

The Drew University choir will present a half-hour program under the direction of Lester W. Berenbroick.

Reservations for the 6:45 p.m. dinner may be made with Ralph TerBush, 36 Wildwood Terrace, Glen Ridge (N.J.).

New Horizons

May 5 has been set as Consecration Day for the new $1 million wing at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn (N.Y.), Bishop Wicke will participate.

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The foundation has been laid for a new church at Round Top (N.Y.). Materials will cost about $15,000 and most of the labor will be donated.

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A $10,000 narthex was dedicated by

Memorial narthex was dedicated at Trinity Church, Kingston (N.Y.). Participants were from left, District Superintendent George P. Werner; Bishop Wicke; Lay Leader Charles Shultis; John Short, building chairman; and Pastor Roy Hassel.

Liberty News Pictures

The Rev. Harold Bosley, new minister of Christ Church, New York City, greets Vice-President Rhadakrishnan of India at World Council Assembly in New Delhi.

Knickerbocker Newsphoto

Heading a teen-agers' paint brigade is the Rev. Randolph Nugent, inner-city missionary of the Albany (N.Y.) Methodist Society. Suburban church youngsters have spruced up slum homes under his guidance.

Bishop Wicke at Trinity Church, Kingston (N.Y.).

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A Christian education unit costing $105,000 was consecrated at St. Paul's Church, Hartsdale (N.Y.). Participating were Bishop Wicke; the Rev. Dr. Henry Whyman, secretary of the New York City Society; District Superintendent W. Bernard Grossman; the Rev. Clifford Albertson, former pastor; and the Rev. Douglas Verdin, present pastor.

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A parking plot adjacent to the parsonage has been given to the Rockaway Valley (N.J.) Church.

The Short Circuit

David Tranchand, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tranchand of North Plainfield (N.J.) has received the Boy Scout God and Country Award from the Rev. John Carruth, pastor of Grace Church. Also participating in the service were George Apgar, church-school superintendent, and the Scoutmaster, George Dean.

David Tranchand

Elmer T. Ebersol, Newark Conference layman, was elected president of the Ridgewood (N.J.) Council of Churches. He is editor of **News Briefs,** Conference laymen's newspaper.

Cheerful budget news: In 1951 the total budget of the Norwalk (Conn.) church was $15,000. This year, the church is giving that much to missions alone. The total budget is $83,000.

Former members of **Janes Street Church,** Brooklyn (N.Y.) gathered from distant points to hold their first reunion in 15 years. Five former ministers were among the 100 persons who attended.

A check for $25 was sent to Pastor Henry Kristiansen in Horton, Norway, by the Rev. George P. Werner, superintendent of **the Kingston District,** thanks to the generosity of the Catskill subdistrict ministers and their wives.

Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn (N.Y.) has graduated its first class of nurses' aides.

That British accent of **the Rev. Jack Grenfell** of South Park Church, Hartford (Conn.) did not originate in Connecticut. Mr. Grenfell is a native of Land's End, Cornwall, England, not Hartford as stated in a recent issue of the Area News.

And speaking of **type-gremlins,** the picture of Bishop Wicke, the Rev. L. R. Oliver and District Superintendent Lawrence Larrowe was taken at First Church, Williamstown (Mass.) not North Adams.

Frank L. Dent, youth director at First Church, New Haven (Conn.) attended the World Council meeting in New Delhi as a United Press-International correspondent.

Retired Bishop Frederick Buckley Newell made a plea for unselfish aid to countries overseas in an address at the Washington National Cathedral.

Three members of the **Everett family** occupied the pulpit at Union City (N.J.) church within ten months. The Rev. Walter H. Everett is the pastor and the guest preachers were his twin brother, a theological student, and his father, a layman, who spoke on Layman's Sunday.

Jere E. Kerr, junior preministerial student of Lycoming College, is serving as student assistant at Calvary Church, Williamsport, Pa. He returned to college this year with four scholarships including one from the N. Y. Conference. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. Kerr, of Tannersville.

The Rev. Paul N. Jewett of Lafayette Church, Jersey City (N.J.) was nominated by the service and civic clubs of the city for their annual brotherhood award.

Among Area authors is the Rev. Wallace T. Viets of First Church, New Haven (Conn.) whose book "Seven Days That Changed the World" has been published by Abingdon. The Rev. Herbert W. Hahn of Ravena (N.Y.) has written a booklet, "The Marks of a Christian" to be published by Tidings.

For the tenth year the Garden Club of **King's Highway Church,** Brooklyn (N.Y.) distributed Christmas cookies and flowers to 250 patients on Welfare Island. Twenty women baked 231 dozen cookies.

Grace Church, Staten Island (N.Y.) is celebrating its 95th anniversary.

The MYF of **Asbury Church,** Yonkers (N.Y.) is the subject of an article in February "Classmate," entitled "MYF Bike Hike."

The Telephone Company in Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) reports that the demand is so great for the "Dial a Prayer" program at **Washington Street-Hedding Church** that a second wire should be installed.

The Rev. Paul L. Sartorio, left, of Valley Stream (N.Y.) inspects a plaque marking the site of supreme headquarters of American Expeditionary Forces. With him is Lt. Col. C. R. Carlsen. Mr. Sartorio conducted a religious mission for the 7533rd Air Base Squadron in Europe.

Dr. Jesse Stitt of the New York Protestant Council Radio-TV Department interviews Archbishop Iakovos, head of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, and Charles Parlin, one of six new presidents of the World Council of Churches. Two programs were broadcast on WABC program, Protestant Profiles.

Therapy Group Open

The group therapy program for ministers sponsored by the Pastoral Care Committee of the New York East Conference has been opened to the New York and Newark Conferences as well as ministers of other denominations.

The group is limited to eight ministers who meet Mondays from 10:30 to noon with Dr. James G. Ranck at 145 E. 54th St., New York City. There is a charge of $5 for each session.

Inquiries may be directed to the Rev. Vernon Nichols, 94-10 Sutter Park Ave., Ozone Park, N.Y.

Pastor Joe Pritchard (left) holds a trophy to be given the winning horse and rider. He is president of the Nevada Council of Churches and was arena director of the show.

Fallon's Methodist women ladle out the chow. They home-baked 10 cakes, 18 pies, 25 dozen cookies for the WSCS booth—and cleared about $150.

WRAP 1,300 pounds of boned sirloin in foil and wet burlap. Spread layers of heavy gravel over a deep bed of hot wood coals. Seal pit with steel covers and two feet of earth. Wait 10 hours. Uncover and serve with 160 pounds of beans from two huge pots, slaw from 100 heads of cabbage. Then eat.

That is what they do every year at Fallon when the Methodist Men put on their Western show, one of the outstanding events of its kind in the nation. The event attracts trick riders, whip artists, broncobusters, and some of the world's best horses and riders. And the proceeds—less than usual last year due to unpleasant weather and a sandstorm—aid church activities.

"We got into this almost accidentally," says the pastor, Joseph H. Pritchard. "Many of us had been critical about other rodeos where there was a great deal of drunkenness and a public dance that sometimes became a brawl. It was suggested that instead of merely criticizing, we do something..."

And Fallon Methodists have!

The only things big about Harry Fortunati are hat, appetite, and that plate of barbecue.

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